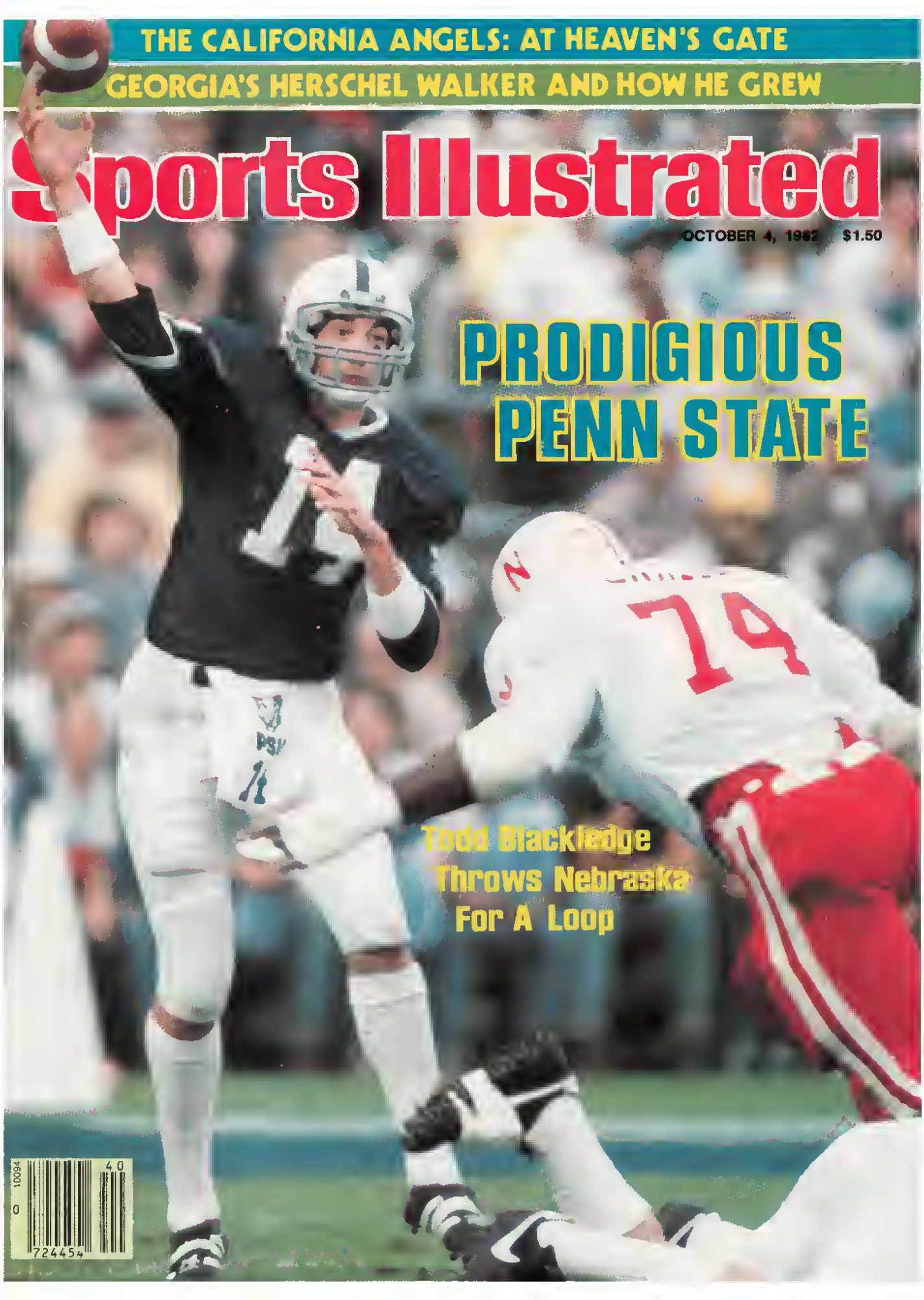
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LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER



McFARLAND AT THE BANK, VISITING HIS BOOKS

It's unlikely that many people have read, sung, collected, typed and otherwise dealt with more words than Bobby McFarland, who for the past year has headed the cadre of typesetters that pumps every word of SI's editorial content into our computers each week. But while he tends to our writers' verbiage with great care, McFarland most cherishes lines that have been written by, or about, a shadowy British eccentric, one Frederick William Serafino Austin Lewis Mary Rolfe, a.k.a. Baron Corvo. McFarland's collection of Corviana, one of the largest private assemblages in the world, now includes at least one first edition of every book the quirky Englishman ever wrote, plus translations, magazine articles, manuscripts, letters and biographies. McFarland once flew from New York to London to pick up one of the six known copies of a Corvo novel, *Don Renato*, and his ambition is to secure a copy of every edition of every book known to contain a reference to Corvo. The collection now takes up considerable safe-deposit space in the vaults of Manhattan's Amalgamated Bank of N.Y.

"I had always collected books, but never specialized," McFarland says. "Then, in 1974, I picked up a 75¢ paperback on New York's Fourth Avenue. I thought I was reading a book by John Addington Symonds, but it turned out to be *The Quest for Corvo*, by A.J.A. Symons." McFarland was hooked. Perhaps because he is a typesetter, he found it refreshing that among Corvo's eccentricities was his insistence that his published works retain words he'd made up, based on Greek and Latin roots. He wrote in an elegant, medieval-looking script, and McFarland recalls that someone once said that if a printer had modeled a typeface on Corvo's handwriting he'd have invented an exciting new font.

Before he came to SI in 1975, McFarland spent six years in TIME magazine's letters department, where he figures he waded through a quarter of a million missives from readers. Plenty were dillies, as anyone who has held such a job can tell you, but, he also says, "We'd get letters from congressmen and heads of state. Prince Sihanouk used to write all the time."

McFarland, 49, took his masters at the University of Tennessee and taught English there as a graduate fellow, but he also has a lifelong passion for music. A tenor, he studied privately with three different voice teachers in New York and spent two years as secretary to conductor Julius Rudel, then director of the New York City Opera.

McFarland does not seriously regret abandoning his singing career, the physical demands of which, he says, equal those on a top athlete: "Your body is your instrument, and you have to take care of it constantly. The whole point is to sing well and make it seem easy, but you look at a singer closely and he's sweating. Caruso lost five pounds every time he sang."

McFarland does retain one great singing ambition: to perform the national anthem at Yankee Stadium. "Ninety percent of the human race can't negotiate it," he points out, adding, "I would go back into training for the chance."

George, are you listening?

Philip D. Howlett

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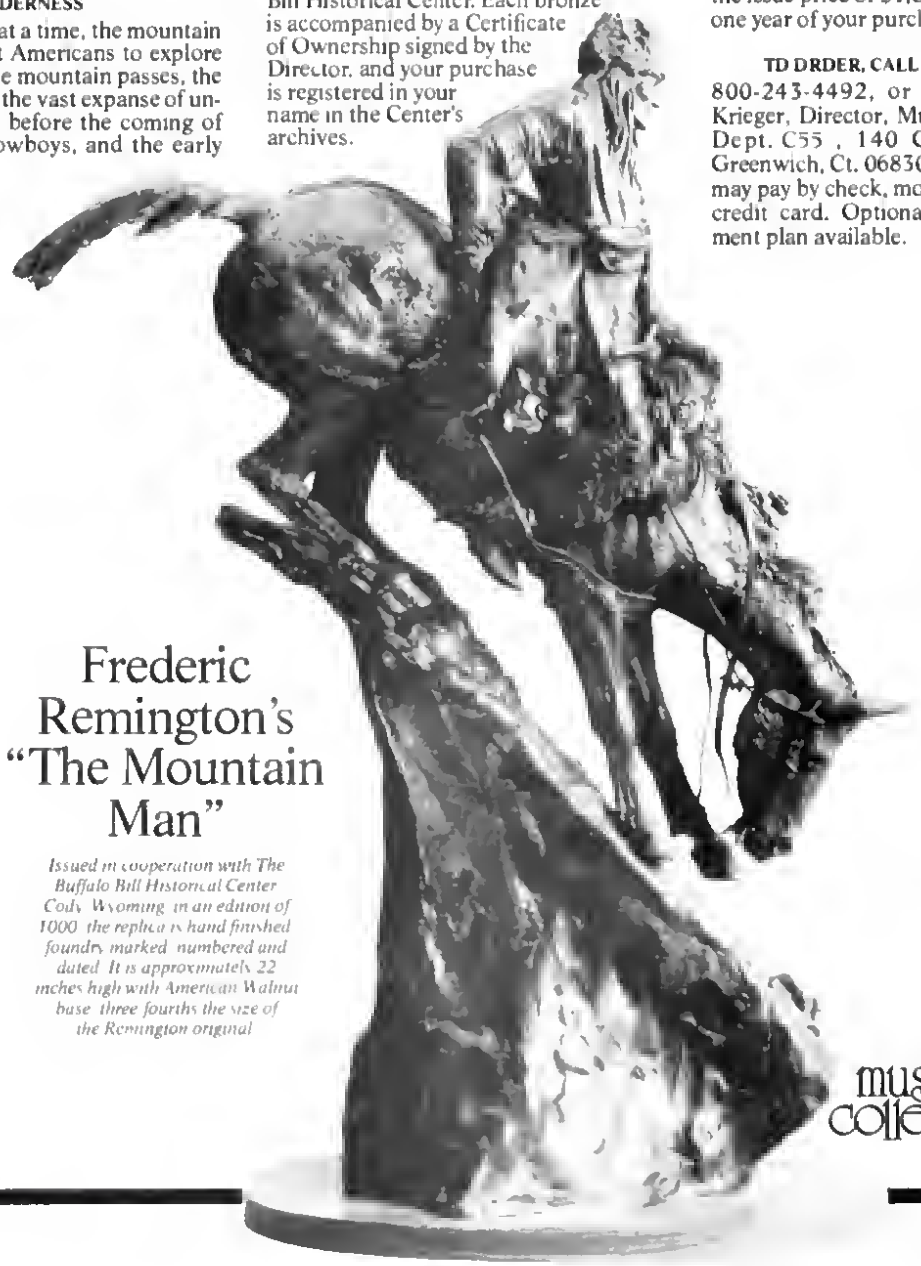
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BOOKTALK

by N. BROOKS CLARK

HERE'S A COMPENDIUM OF THE WHYS AND WHENCES OF COLLEGE NICKNAMES

Most college football fans know that the Oklahoma Sooners got their name from the land runs of the 1890s, when the wiliest settlers snuck across the starting line and claimed their lots a day or so sooner than they should have. But who can say for sure why Indianans are Hoosiers? Or how the athletes at St. Louis University got to be Billikens? Or what in the name of Pat Ewing a "Hoya" might be?

The answers are in *What's in a Nickname?* ($12.95), a delightful 208-page directory of college nicknames compiled by Ray Franks and his staff at their "Publishing Ranch" in Amarillo, Texas, where they also put out the annual editions of the *National Directory of College Athletics*. There are entries for 1,200 nicknames, from junior and senior colleges alike, most illustrated with small logos.

The origins of many of the names weren't easy to pin down; some, in fact, never were. Nobody knows, for example, how the term "Hoosier" originated. Franks puts his money on a canal builder along the Ohio, Sam Hoosier, whose Indiana workers would holler his name when brawling with Kentuckians. A billiken, says Franks, started out as an Alaskan good luck charm and became known as "the god of things as they should be." Then in 1910 a St. Louis sportswriter noted that the university's respected football coach, John (Moonface) Bender, was godlike, thus Bender's Billikens. The baseball team at Georgetown used to be called the Stonewalls, perhaps after the wall near M Street. A student dubbed it "Hoya Saxa" (what rocks in Latin and Greek), and the Stonewalls became Hoyas. The name "Boilermakers" was meant to deride the Purdue football team in 1889, but it sounded better than the team's standard nicknames—including Hayseeds, Cornfield Sailors and Pumpkin Shuckers—and came to be accepted.

The most common nicknames are Eagles (72 teams) and Tigers (68), followed by Cougars and Bulldogs. Bears are 10th, but only the Baylor version started out in a circus. It was abandoned in the 1920s and taken in by a Baylor student who named it "Joe College" and arranged to care for it in lieu of paying tuition.

Some entries are obvious. How could the University of Dayton, located in the hometown of the Wright Brothers, be anything but the Flyers? Or Stetson U anything but the Hatters?

As for the trivial, Nazareth College in Kalamazoo calls its teams the Moles because the school's buildings are connected by tunnels, and Tufts's Jumbos are named for P.T. Barnum's star elephant, which ended up at Tufts for stuffing after it was hit by a freight train.

Addressing the nickname of one noted southern university, Franks duly notes that its moniker first appeared in 1917 in local newspapers. However, he completely ignores the question, "Just what *is* a Crimson Tide, anyway?" **END**




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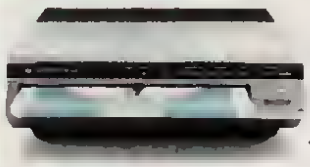




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AN EXERCISE IN SURVIVAL

A University of Illinois psychologist named Douglas A. Bernstein offered an observation about the NFL strike that came as a big relief to us. Although conceding that the strike could make fans "uncomfortable" and oblige them to work out adjustments in their lives, Bernstein said that the loss of the NFL was "not in the same category as the loss of a loved one." In support of Bernstein's thesis, we were comforted to discover that, indeed, coming on the heels of last year's 50-day baseball strike, an in-season walkout in a major sport didn't seem quite so shocking the second time around. Besides, whereas the baseball strike had resulted in practically daily deprivation, NFL fans stood to suffer withdrawal symptoms only once a week. The pain of the shutdown was further eased by the knowledge that as the walkout ended its first full week, it had so far resulted in the cancellation of just 1/16 of the season; by contrast, the baseball strike wiped out one-third of a season. Obviously, the NFL owners and players still had a while to go before they could truthfully call their impasse calamitous.

This quasi-benign situation mocked the ringing words of Redskin Chairman Jack Kent Cooke, who had pleaded for a settlement to avert a strike, saying portentously, "In the national interest, let's play football." But, of course, it was merely the NFL and not football that was shut down. True, not all residents of Hawaii found it worthwhile to bestir themselves at daybreak on Sunday, as they would have had to do because of the time difference, to watch NBC's substitute telecast of two Canadian Football League games, an attraction that Honolulu disc jockey Ron Jacobs twitted as follows: "Get ready for a big weekend, football freaks. Wake up Sunday, watch a one-hour pregame show at 6:30 a.m., and then catch the big Canadian Football doubleheader and those funny guys in their striped suits with their long field and their three downs. And don't forget to bring your rouge."

But even if CFL action didn't quite do the trick for everybody (*page 85*), an abundance of high school and college football, not to mention baseball, helped fill the sporting void. And, if the strike goes on, the approaching basketball and hockey seasons figure to help even more. There were fewer such alternatives during the baseball walkout.

In short, surviving the NFL strike appeared to be less difficult than one might have imagined. It behooved the owners and players to work out a settlement before the fans realized as much.

HOLD THAT (PICKET) LINE

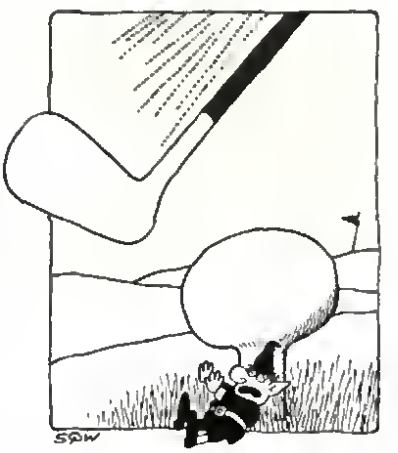
Wanting to keep in shape during the strike, members of the San Francisco 49ers arranged to meet last Wednesday morning at a practice field at Stanford, where they assumed they could work out while momentarily putting the thorny subject of labor relations out of mind. No such luck. Unknown to the 49ers, Stanford had been hit by a strike of 800 technical, maintenance and service employees, resulting in picketing at campus construction sites as well as scattered outbreaks of violence, including the slashing of tires on university vehicles. Given their own circumstances, the NFLers concluded that it might be a bit awkward to cross the picket lines of Service Employees' International Local 715, so they moved their workout down the road to Menlo College.

THE MUSHROOM SLAYER

It's a rule of golf that any effort to strike the ball, whether or not contact is made, must be counted as a stroke. So it was on a recent Sunday that after a 16 handicapper named Al Safro attempted to play his second shot on the par-5 17th at Baltimore's Bonnie View Country Club, another member of his foursome argued—in vain—that Safro should be assessed a penalty stroke.

The dispute arose when the 62-year-old Safro, playing out of the rough, took a mighty swing with a five-wood at an object he thought was his ball. It turned out to be a mushroom of the Calvatia gigantea (giant puffball) variety, a species that can indeed look very much like a golf ball. The fungus splattered, and it was only then that Safro and his playing partners spotted his ball—the real one—15 feet away. The debate about whether Safro should have taken a penalty made the local newspapers, and there's probably not an official of the USGA who by now hasn't been asked his view of the matter.

The consensus seems to be that no penalty was called for. The reasoning used in reaching that conclusion has sometimes bordered on the metaphysical. "I'd say it wouldn't be a stroke," said Ed Johnston, a Baltimore lawyer and president of the Middle Atlantic Golf Association. "Even though he thought it was a golf ball, it wasn't a golf ball." After conferring with William J. Williams Jr., chairman of the USGA's Rules of Golf



Committee, that organization's director of communications, John Morris, declared, "There are rules for striking a ball, but this wasn't a ball. There is nothing in the rules prohibiting a player from hitting a mushroom. Or an apple. Or a marshmallow." And what does Safro, who wound up with a bogey 6 on the hole and 84 for the round, have to say about his famous non-shot? "It was a practice swing," deadpans the mushroom slayer.

MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE

The Cleveland Cavaliers, who won only 15 of 82 games last season for the worst record in the NBA, have come up with an innovative ticket-sales scheme for 1982-83. In a letter to prospective customers, Cavs President Ted Stepien has promised to give season-ticket holders refunds if Cleveland fails to win 30 games. The refund would be 5% if the

continued





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Cavs win 29 games, 10% if they win 28, 15% if they win 27, and so on. The maximum would be 50%, which would be granted in the event that Cleveland wins 20 or fewer games.

Stepien's well-intentioned offer conforms to the belief, one embodied in American jurisprudence, that victims of negligence should be compensated for their suffering. And Cavalier fans have certainly been so victimized. Still, we'd have to question the wisdom of any ticket-selling scheme that under certain easily foreseeable circumstances—imagine, for example, the Cavs being out of playoff contention and having 19 victories with two home games to play—would give the local fans a financial incentive to root for the other team.

NORTHWESTERN, EASTERN, NORTHERN

While Northwestern was ending its record 34-game losing streak Saturday with a 31–6 win over Northern Illinois (*page 75*), Eastern Michigan was getting shellacked 35–0 by Miami of Ohio for its 22nd straight loss. Eastern Michigan now has the longest current major-college losing streak. Its best chance for ending that streak—at 24—figures to come on Oct. 16, in its homecoming game against Ohio University. Failing that, the Hurons could conceivably end the streak the following week when Coach Mike Stock, an alumnus, as it happens, of Northwestern, sends his team up against an opponent that may or may not be ripe for the taking: Northern Illinois.

ARRIVEDERCI

Wallace Bryant, the 7-foot, 265-pound center from the University of San Francisco who was a Chicago Bulls' second-round draft pick last spring, has gone off to play basketball in Italy, where the season began last week. He's just one more in a long line of U.S. players who have made that decision; at least 50 other Americans will be playing in Italy's 28-team league this year. Bryant decided to accept a $90,000, one-year deal with an Italian club when the Bulls wouldn't give him the guaranteed contract he wanted. Oddly enough, Chicago looks kindly on Bryant's decision. General Manager Rod Thorn says, "Our feeling is that he's not quite ready for the NBA. We still retain rights to him, and if he works hard, the experience will help him."

Though players on the fringe of the NBA have long regarded Italy as a place to sharpen their game, going there to play has never been merely a matter of flying to Milan and saying, "Here I am" (or "*Eccomi!*" if the player has taken the trouble to learn a little Italian). Despite the high salaries and perks players can pull down, basketball in Italy is considered amateur; Bryant, for example, is technically a highly paid employee of Ford Motor Co.'s Italian subsidiary who just happens to spend a lot of time playing hoops for the company-sponsored team. An American who has played pro ball and wants to suit up in Italy traditionally had to be over 30, or been out of pro ball at least a year or met certain other conditions. But on Aug. 27 the international basketball federation, FIBA, streamlined the rules so that any former professional player can be reinstated one time. That means Oscar Robertson could play in Italy. But such reinstatements don't apply to national teams, so an aging Big O couldn't play in the 1984 Olympics, even if he wanted to.

Bryant has been an amateur all along, so he still has his one allotted reinstatement coming. After finishing up in Italy, he could play in the NBA and then, reinstated as an amateur, return to Italy. There would, incidentally, be nothing to prevent him from playing in the NBA again—for a neat triple reverse.

BIRDS OF A FEATHER?

There won't be a Subway Series (Yankees-Mets) this year, and the first-ever Air Canada Series (Expos-Blue Jays) must await another day. But baseball beat writers have come up with names for several World Series showdowns that could still come off. These include a Freeway Series (Dodgers-Angels), a Sluggers Series (Brewers-Braves) and an Ozark Airlines Series (Royals-Cardinals), not to mention an Audubon Series. Audubon Series? Why, Cardinals-Orioles, of course.

HAVE SNEAKERS, WILL TRAVEL

During his first 11 years in professional basketball, Tom Owens played for the Memphis Tams, Carolina Cougars, Spirits of St. Louis, Memphis (again), Kentucky Colonels, Indiana Pacers and San Antonio Spurs, all in the ABA, and the Houston Rockets, Portland Trail Blazers and Indiana (again) in the NBA. When the Pacers traded Owens, a 33-year-old center, to the Detroit Pistons last week for a second-round draft choice in 1984, it was Owens' 10th change of uniforms, breaking the unofficial pro record for peripateticism jointly held by himself and Mack Calvin. Among traveling men generally, Owens now ranks somewhere behind the late Louis (Bobo) Newsom, who changed uniforms 17 times during a 20-year major league baseball career, and just ahead of Ulysses.

CRADLE OF SKIPPERS

Over the years, Western Hills High School of Cincinnati has sent no fewer than 11 players to the major leagues, the most celebrated being Pete Rose, class of '60. Western Hills has also distinguished itself as a fountainhead of big-league managers. Former Kansas City Manager Jim Frey and Don Zimmer, late of the Red Sox and Rangers, are Western Hills' products (both '49), as is Russ Nixon ('53), who was elevated by the Reds this past summer from third-base coach to manager to replace the fired John McNamara and was rehired last week for next season. And Eddie Brinkman is waiting in the wings. Brinkman, who guided the Birmingham Barons, a Tiger Double A farm team, to the runner-up spot in the second half of the 1982 Southern League season, has perfect credentials for a big-league skipper's job, having graduated from Western Hills in 1961.

THEY SAID IT

- Tommy John, California Angel pitcher, when asked following a clubhouse burglary whether he was missing anything, "My fastball."
- Bob Cooper, head of Seattle Teamsters Local 174, vowing to lend his union's support to NFL strikers in the event that the Seahawks tried to suit up a team of non-union players: "We would do all we could to help—and we deliver the beer."
- Skip Caray, Atlanta Brave broadcaster, upon being introduced to Ted Giannoulas, a.k.a. The Chicken: "Why did you cross the road?"
- Dwight Wallace, Ball State University football coach, informed that an expensive glass sculpture will be conferred on the Mid-American Conference's Player of the Year: "I hope they don't give it to one of my receivers." **END**



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Angels In

Gene Autry had this terrific idea for his third baseman, Doug DeCinees. "Now Doug," said the old cowboy, sidling up to the ballplayer last Wednesday, "why don't you get that hot bat of yours working again and maybe hit about two, three out tonight." DeCinces, who had gone hitless the previous two games, laughed. "Would two be all right?" "Just fine," Autry said, apparently satisfied. So DeCinees hit two home runs that night in Anaheim Stadium as the California Angels beat the Kansas City Royals 8–5 and ad-



Catch of the year: Downing (left) and Lynn go up, up, up, and as

Full Flight

The big names were on top of things as California swept Kansas City to take command in the AL West

by RON FIMRITE

vanced three critical games ahead of them in the American League West.

It doesn't always work that way, of course. But if anybody has earned the right to have his homers served up on command, it's Autry. Only the Lord and the IRS know how much Autry has spent trying to bring a winner to Southern California since 1961, when the American League expanded to Los Angeles. His payroll—which includes former Most Valuable Players Reggie Jackson, Fred Lynn, Rod Carew

continued



they cross over and crash, Lynn gloves the ball—and holds on.

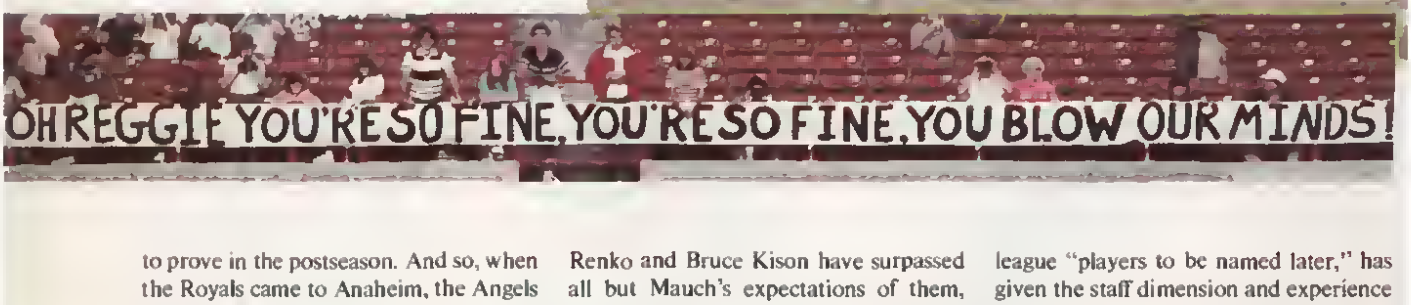
and Don Baylor—is probably one heck-uva lot larger than Republic Pictures' was decades ago when he was riding the backlot range with Smiley Burnette and the gang from the Melody Ranch. And all he's had to show for his investment up to now is one measly division championship, in 1979.

But if Autry has waited a long time for his reward, his manager, Gene Mauch, has waited longer. For 23 years, man and boy manager, Mauch has been trying to win something in major league baseball. All he's gotten for his Jobian forbearance so far is a mop of white hair.

These two, the munificent owner and the long-suffering manager, are out to prove that they can be winners. In fact, with the exception of Jackson, who seems to have been in more World Series than NBC, all the Angels have something



Dragging down four bits a fan, Mr. October has had a lucrative and feisty September.



to prove in the postseason. And so, when the Royals came to Anaheim, the Angels were spoiling for action. The two teams started their three-game series tied for first place. When it was over, the Angels were three games ahead. At week's end, they were 3½ up and en route to Kansas City for three more games against the Royals.

The Angels won the first two games at Anaheim 3–2 and 2–1, on pitching and defense, supposed weaknesses. Then in the last game, with the obedient DeCinces in the forefront, they flashed some of their vaunted power—Brian Downing also homered—just to show they hadn't lost the touch. California could well finish the season with six players—Jackson, DeCinces, Downing, Baylor, Lynn and Bobby Grich—hitting 20 or more homers each.

The Angels, who aren't supposed to be able to pitch, lead the league with a 3.82 ERA. Ken Forsch, Geoff Zahn, Steve Renko and Bruce Kison have surpassed all but Mauch's expectations of them, and Tommy John, acquired from the Yankees on Aug. 31 for three minor league "players to be named later," has given the staff dimension and experience in the stretch. John Curtis, who says he "just moved up the road [from San Diego on Sept. 1] from one pennant race to another," provides a lefthanded arm in the bullpen, where the absence of Right-hander Don Aase (he came down with a sore arm on July 18) has been grievously felt.



And fans have come out in record numbers in the hope that there will be an October.

And, oh, the fielding! The Royals pride themselves, with considerable justification, on their defense, particularly up the middle, where Frank White at second, U.L. Washington at short and Amos Otis in center roam widely over turfs natural and ersatz. But it was the Angels who made the big plays last week. Even Jackson, who will never be mistaken for Tris Speaker in the field, contributed a nifty



Foli replaced the injured Burleson at shortstop and "saved the butts" of all Angels, including designated shutterbug Carew.



running catch of Don Slaught's blooper in the third inning of the second game. In the next inning, Carew snatched a hard bouncer to his right off George Brett and transformed a potential hit into a three-six-three double play. Pitcher Forsch pounced on the speedy White's bunt in the fifth inning and threw him out with a strike to first. And Fred Lynn took another hit away from White in the seventh.

The next night brought no surcease. In the second inning, with runners on second and third and only one out, Grich plucked consecutive line drives, the second on a spectacular diving catch off Ron Johnson. And in the seventh, Downing in left slid on his barrel chest to take a single away from Washington.

But these gems were mere baubles when compared with what Lynn did in the fourth inning of the second game. With two outs and no score, Otis slammed a Forsch fastball deep to left center. Downing in left and Lynn in center set off in fervent pursuit, but the ball seemed certain either to arrive at the fence before them or sail over it. In fact, Lynn and Downing got there when the ball did, but it also cleared the fence—if only for an instant. Lynn, who is left-handed, leaped above and into the barrier to catch the ball before it dropped to the other side, while Downing ducked at the last second to avoid a ruinous collision. The top of the fence was pushed back by the combined force of the two flying Angels and had to be hastily bolstered after the play. When Lynn raised his glove hand with the ball appearing safely inside, the crowd of 52,415 fell momentarily into an unbelieving silence. Then the cheers began. It was one of the great catches of the year, any year. Asked afterward if he'd ever seen a better one, Mauch responded, "No, I don't think I've seen anyone else make a better catch, but I've seen Lynn make some better."

By playing that night at all, Lynn was, in a sense, proving something. For the past several weeks he has been nursing a cracked rib on his left side that makes it painful for him even to drive a car, let alone play the outfield and swing a bat. Although he hit the fence on his right side, the force of the collision caused him even greater discomfort and he was unable to start the next two games. He did, however, single in one late-inning at bat at Texas on Thursday, belying a reputation for malingering that he had somehow acquired in his seven years with the Boston Red Sox. Despite the injury, he was hitting .297, with 19 homers and 83 RBIs. And catches such as the one he

continued





DeCinces took Autry's advice and hit two home runs in Wednesday's game. Zahn, the mightiest Angel on the mound, won his 17th.

made in Anaheim defy comprehension.

Another Angel with something to prove is Downing. "I came to spring training with no job security," he says. He was but one of four aspirants for the leftfield job—the others were Tom Brunansky (since traded to Minnesota), Bobby Clark and Juan Beniquez—and, as a former catcher who hit only .249 in 1981, he wasn't even the favorite. Downing had only begun playing the outfield on a semiregular basis last season (56 games), and he had done so reluctantly. But when the Angels purchased Bob Boone from Philadelphia last December, Downing threw away his shin guards. "I knew that Boone could do much more than I could in leading the team," Downing says. "He was the type of catcher we needed. I always looked on myself as more of an offensive player, so I made the adjustment and moved to the outfield. I didn't even report with the catchers this year. I don't think like a catcher anymore. I don't even own a cup. I stay completely away from the pitching situation." Downing figures that as an outfielder he is stronger at bat, an opinion borne out by his .280 average, 104 runs scored, 28 homers and 83 RBIs.

But the biggest change in the Angels has been brought on by the new men—Boone, Jackson, DeCinces and Tim Foli, a journeyman who started the year as a utility infielder but became the regular shortstop in the second week of the season when Rick Burleson was felled by a rotator cuff injury. "Foli saved our butts," says Downing. DeCinces, traded west from Baltimore for Dan Ford, has a career-high 97 RBIs and a batting average of .302. And he has fielded brilliantly. At Baltimore he played third base in the shadow of living-legend Brooks Robinson. "I never felt it consciously," he says of the shadow, "but I did feel a certain release when I got here. Everything seemed so good. Then when we played Baltimore and I went out on that field again, I felt this pressure. I found myself saying to myself, 'Now, don't make any mistakes.' Subconsciously, I must have always felt that pressure."

DeCinces likes practically everything about the Angels. "This is a team with so many great individual ballplayers, and yet everyone is pulling for everyone else," he says. "When you're playing with so many stars you can be more relaxed. You can be your own player because you know that there is more than one guy here to carry the load. And we all have so much admiration and respect for each other. We came out of spring training molded. This is a team of professionals, men of character and sophistication."

And they're appreciated. Last Wednesday's crowd of 51,273 brought home attendance in Anaheim to an American League record of 2,672,377, breaking the Yankees' 1980 record of 2,627,417; the Angels anticipate that more than 100,000 will turn out when they return home this weekend to conclude the regular season with three games against Texas.

Autry's not the only beneficiary of the Angels' record ticket revenues. When Jackson signed his $3.6 million, four-year deal last winter, he also negotiated an "attendance clause" whereby he'd receive 50 cents for every spectator once



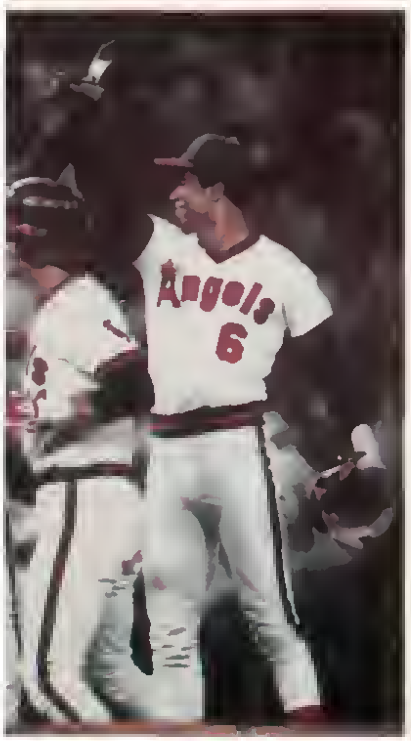
Rookie Daryl Sconiers (6) won Game 2 with a pinch single, his first hit of the season.

the Angels reached 2.4 million. His haul so far: $136,188.50.

The Angels and the Dodgers, who play only about 30 miles apart, together will attract well over six million fans. Toss in San Diego and the attendance total for Southern California approaches eight million. "No reason why we shouldn't draw," Autry says. "With all the stars we've got, it's like putting Clark Gable, Jimmy Stewart and John Wayne up on the same marquee."

The Anaheim fans, who have added beach-ball tossing in the stands to their divertissements, were treated to some furious baseball in the Kansas City series. Too furious in the eyes of some Royals. In the seventh inning of the Wednesday game White stretched to accept a force throw at second base from Washington, who had fielded Beniquez' ground ball in the hole between third and short. A double play was out of the question, and White, positioned much as a first baseman, received Washington's throw with his right foot pressed against the bag, his right leg extended. Jackson, coming from first, slid hard into the bag and across White's foot. White was obviously hurt and jawed at Jackson, as did First Baseman Greg Pryor. Both benches cleared but nothing happened.

Jackson, meanwhile, had unaccountably picked up White's cap. As he trotted off the field after the fracas, he tossed the cap into the box seats, further enraging



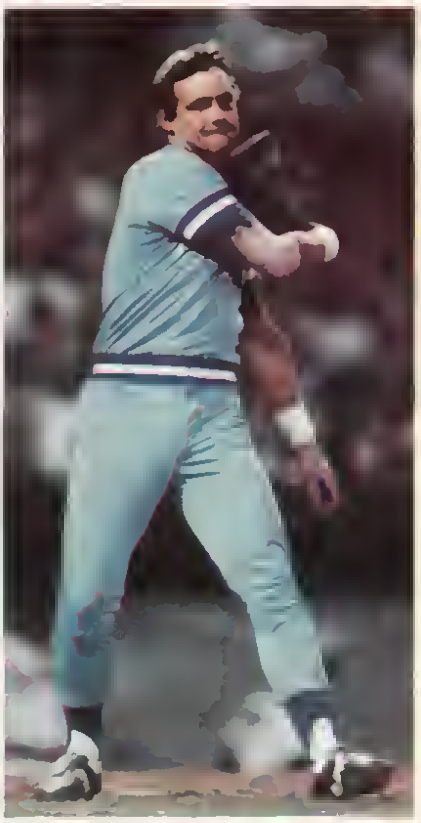


Finally, Mauch may get to laugh last.

White. Jackson left the game the following inning for defensive purposes, and the limping White left in the same inning for a pinch hitter. Jackson walked down the hall to the Royals' clubhouse to seek out White and tell him that he had meant him no physical harm. That seemed to be the end of it. But not quite.

White was unable to play in the Royals' subsequent three-game series at Oakland, and though he is normally a gentle and soft-spoken man, he was visibly upset. Jackson's "unnecessary" takeout play was keeping him out of the pennant race. "My foot feels like a brick," White said on Friday, two days after the injury. "It's sprained. Yes, Reggie came into the clubhouse afterward, but I did not accept his apology. That ball was hit in the hole. Reggie's been in the game long enough to know the difference between a double play and a force out. He ran right into my leg. I told him, 'Reggie, you could've ended my career.' Then he takes my hat and flips it into the stands, adding insult to injury. I wish the Angels would clean up their act. If we all played that way, there wouldn't be anybody left to play this game. Reggie used to be one of my favorite players. I don't hate him now. I'm just disappointed. I've lost respect for him. I've never been hit in a situation like that before. That wasn't just a hard slide. I think Reggie was just looking for attention. He likes that spotlight. He always knows where the camera is. He hadn't been doing much with the bat, so he just needed some attention. I like to be in games that really mean something, and these do, but I guess I should be thankful I don't have a broken leg."

The Wednesday loss was the Royals' seventh in a row. On Friday night they broke the abysmal streak with a 7–4 win over the A's. But this was a Pyrrhic victory—Otis reinjured a groin muscle, Lee May reinjured a hamstring pull and Hal



Brett wasn't doffing his hat to the Angels.

McRae, the major league leader in RBIs, fouled a pitch off his left shin. They all joined White on the bench on Saturday, and the Royals, beset with injuries as few teams have ever been, lost to the A's 10–3. On Sunday Oakland won again, 5–4. In all, K.C. lost eight games on its nine-game road trip, the last, mercifully, of the season.

As Royal General Manager John Schuerholz said while discussing his team's fate in Oakland last Friday night, "I guess you could say that negative momentum, like positive, has a way of sustaining itself." END

This Was The Week That Wasn't

No games and no progress—that was the news as the first Sunday of the NFL's strike passed with the players still calling time-out

by PAUL ZIMMERMAN

• It took the NCAA all of three days after the National Football League players went out on strike on Sept. 21 to grant approval for Sunday college football.

"I knew it would happen," said Art Rooney, the 81-year-old owner of the Pittsburgh Steelers. "Some of these newer people don't remember the old days when we were battling the colleges for the fan's dollar. Now we've taken a step backward.

"What gets me is why this whole thing wasn't negotiated a long time ago. It was foolish to wait this long."

• It took the bookies all of two days to release a betting line on the Canadian Football League's games. On Thursday the New York *Daily News* published the standings for the CFL; on Friday the paper accompanied the standings with a full column of agate type explaining the Canadian rules.

• "There's kind of a disjointed feeling," said the Miami Dolphins' Bob Kuechenberg. "Your body says it's time to play football. Your mind says you're on strike."

• "All the wives say, 'We have to stand by our husbands in this time of trouble,' " said Page Hannah, wife of New England All-Pro Guard John Hannah, "but you can't just put your life on hold. Life goes on. Your family goes on."

• So does the USFL. The Tampa Bay Bandits sold 300 season tickets the day the strike started, boosting their total sales to, they say, 5,000.

• Elsewhere in town, a Tampa Bay Buc had asked a club official on the eve of the stoppage, "If there's a strike, where do I get my check?"

And thus, with many pangs and withdrawal symptoms, the NFL trudged through Week 1 of the 1982 strike.

NFL owners and officials were divided on the idea of fielding teams of free agents and anti-union veterans, and on whether any so-called "scab" games should count in the standings. Dallas President Tex Schramm said those games would be a sham. Buffalo owner Ralph Wilson said, "People want to see football and we've got to give it to them." Few coaches relished the idea of coaching a rinky-dink team, even if everyone else were in the same boat. "I have no intention of coaching a scab football team," the Eagles' Dick Vermeil said. It was reported that the Rams got a jump on the rest of the league by trying out 14 free agents, en masse. The report was at first confirmed by Coach Ray Malavasi—and then denied. It aroused some bitter feelings.

"If the report is true," said Steeler President Dan Rooney, "then I feel that some people have a very shortsighted view of this whole thing. They think they're very clever, they think the answer is to have their free agents go out and beat your free agents 100–0. They don't seem to understand that we're all in this together."



San Francisco 49er Coach Bill Walsh immediately saw the competitive side of the cancellation of last week's schedule. "The game we lost was against the Bears," he said. "That makes the rest of the schedule that much harder."

Team captains and player reps lined up health clubs that had weightlifting facilities, and found local high school and college fields for informal squad workouts. Some workouts had close to a 100% turnout. The Raiders, on the other hand, were scattered from L.A. to Oakland, making it impossible to get together. "Strike headquarters," said Raider Linebacker Ted Hendricks, "will be at Dave Dalby's house in Lake Tahoe. You can call me at a bar called The Cave."

Dallas Defensive Tackle Randy White said Tom Landry told his players, "The team that comes back from this strike in the best condition will be the

team that wins the Super Bowl." That's the Cowboys, always looking for an edge.

"You can do all the running and lifting you want," White added, "but the bad part is that it takes you a couple of weeks to get in shape to hit. There's no way you can do that without wearing pads."

The union-proposed Ted Turner network All-Star games, designed as a boost for the players' strike fund, received little endorsement. Stars such as Philadelphia's Ron Jaworski, San Diego's Kellen Winslow and Denver's Randy Gradishar said they wanted no part of it. Fear of injury. "I'm not going to risk my career for $4,000 or $5,000," Gradishar said.

The owners have presented a unified stand in support of their negotiating team, headed by Jack Donlan. A $100,000 popoff fine guaranteed that. The players, though, showed some cracks. One newspaper survey, taken after the strike began, listed 17 players who opposed the strike and most of them said they'd cross a picket line to go back to work. Ram Guard Dennis Harrah said, "At least 20 players on our team voted against striking." New Orleans kicker and player rep Russell Erxleben said he'd talked to 40 Saints players and they were unanimous against the union's demand for a wage scale. But last weekend, after a talk with Ed Garvey, executive director of the Players Association, on the phone and a visit from Stan White, the Detroit linebacker who is a member of the NFLPA's executive committee, Erxleben changed his tune and said the Saints supported the wage scale.

"The players still don't realize how statements like [Erxleben's] damage their position," said Marvin Miller, the head of the Major League Baseball Players Association. "Every time a player says something like, 'I'm solid now but I don't know how I'll be in two weeks,' he's just prolonging the strike. When we were on strike last year I figured the owners had an automatic multiplier in their heads—for every player who spoke out against our position, they figured 85 others were in silent support."

It took a whole week after the strike was called for the two sides to get back together, to no avail. They planned to meet last Sunday at what was supposed to be "an undisclosed location." That turned out to be Hofstra University on Long Island, the site of the New York Jets' training complex. It was such a secret that as Garvey and Union President Gene Upshaw arrived there fresh from Upshaw's appearance on *Face the Nation*, they were being followed by a cavalcade of cars carrying reporters, photographers and TV crews.

At Hofstra, management made what it ballyhooed as a major step by guaranteeing the $1.6 billion it has been saying it would pay the players over the next five years. But tied to that guarantee were several conditions, including the proviso that the wage scale the players have proposed be abandoned. Management wants players to continue to negotiate contracts individually, and Sunday, in response to Garvey's well-known animosity toward player agents, the owners said they would have no objection if the union wished to act as agent for each of its members in individual negotiations. According to John Bunting, an alternate on the NFLPA's executive committee, the owners didn't bring up the subject of a guarantee until Sunday's meeting, which lasted nearly five hours, was winding down.

The players later insisted that they would not drop their wage scale. "They didn't jump up and down at our proposal," conceded a Management Council man. "They kept their game faces on."

Game faces but no games. That was Week 3 of the NFL season. **END**





Workouts bored Louie Kelcher, but they were of passing interest to Cincinnati's Charles Alexander (40) and Ken Anderson.

O.K., Time To Fasten Those Seat Belts



Penn State, off and winging to new offensive heights, beat Nebraska in a thriller **by JACK McCALLUM**

If you're Penn State Quarterback Todd Blackledge, you're a man of faith. Not that you have much choice when there are seven seconds left on the Beaver Stadium clock, the home team is trailing Nebraska 24–21, and as you scan the end zone for a receiver the only available target is a second-string tight end who was an offensive guard three weeks ago and whose nickname is Stonehands.

So, you confidently throw the football through the tangle of onrushing Husker defenders, and Stonehands, otherwise known as Kirk Bowman, a junior who came into the game with zero receptions in his college career, reaches down to make the catch just inches above the ground. Touchdown. Final score: Penn State 27, Nebraska 24. The Miracle of Mount Nittany.

If football fans were guaranteed college games like this all the time, the NFL strikers could stay out forever and nobody would mind. Penn State Coach Joe Paterno said it best: "There was enough glory out there for both teams."

And, he might have added, enough glory for himself and Nebraska's Tom Osborne, too. Both had made their reputations with crunching defenses, augmented by equally crunching rushing attacks. Now, they have shown the good sense to showcase the considerable passing talents of their respective junior quarterbacks—Blackledge for Paterno and Turner Gill for Osborne. In the past, would we ever have seen 977 yards of total offense (472 for the Huskers, 505 for the Nittany Lions) in a game between these two teams? Would we have seen 73 passes attempted and 39 completions (23 by Blackledge for 295 yards and three TDs, 16 by Gill for 239 yards and two TDs)? More to the point, would the Paterno of old have banked on a last-minute pass to a guy named Stonehands when he had Curt Warner and Jon Williams, running backs who averaged 6.1 and 4.7 yards a carry last season, in uniform? No way. No sin.



Split End Garrity grabbed five Blackledge passes to account for 75 acrobatic yards.

This much is certain: Penn State, No. 4 in the SI poll this week, beat Nebraska, No. 8, only because it had the ball for most of that final minute. Proof: Consider Gill's performance on the 13-play, 80-yard drive late in the fourth quarter that gave Nebraska a 24–21 lead. He completed passes to four different receivers, two of them must-haves on third down. He handled the option like the



Warner was his old self with 69 yards in the first half, but then he went off with cramps.

Oklahoma quarterback he almost became when he pitched out to I-Back Mike Rozier for a 12-yard gain and a first down at the Penn State three. And two plays later Gill himself went over the top from the one for the touchdown that gave Nebraska the lead for the first time and an apparent victory.

Gill's only mistake was doing all this with too much dispatch, leaving Blackledge with 1:18 on his hands. Nebraska then made the grievous error of committing a personal foul on Kevin Seibel's kickoff deep into the Penn State end zone; the officials ruled that Dave Ridder had thrown a Penn State player to the ground after the play ended, and the 15-yard penalty gave the Nittany Lions possession at the 35-yard-line instead of the 20. "We practice the two-minute drill every day," Blackledge said after the game. "The main thing was just freezing out the crowd and the noise. Everything was clear in my mind. There was more than a minute left, we had 65 yards to go. All I kept thinking about was Philippians 4:13: 'I can do all things through the Lord.' It helped clear my mind and take the pressure off."

One person Blackledge probably couldn't freeze out in the record crowd of 85,304 was the offensive line coach of the Pittsburgh Steelers, Ron Blackledge; without an NFL game to prepare for, Ron took a busman's holiday and got an in-person look at his son the quarterback in action.

Blackledge launched his two-minute drill by calling two plays in the huddle. The first produced a 16-yard gain on a screen pass to Skeeter Nichols, playing tailback for the cramped-up Warner; the second was an incomplete pass. Then Blackledge threw to Flanker Kenny Jackson, who made a leaping catch at the sideline for 16 yards and a first down at the Nebraska 33.

Until now, all the plays on this last-gasp drive had come to Blackledge from the bench. The next call was the only one the quarterback made himself on the 10-play drive—a draw to Williams that lost a yard. "The fans were probably grumbling at the coaches, but it was my decision," said Blackledge.

Two incompletions followed, and it was fourth and 11 at the Nebraska 34. Only :28 showed on the board. A field-goal try was out; freshman Massimo Manca had already missed from 50, 47 and 33 yards, and the 51-yard kick he now would face seemed too much to expect. So Paterno made another withdrawal from his miracle bank. Blackledge found Jackson on an inside curl just beyond the marker, and Penn State had a first down at the 23. It was Jackson's fifth catch of the day, which tied him with Split End Gregg Garrity, who also had five receptions, and it was nothing more than your average do-or-die play. The Nittany Lion offensive line, which had not really been tested in the romps over Temple, Maryland and Rutgers, but had provided Blackledge with protection and time all day, did it again on the next play. But no one was open, and Blackledge had to tuck the ball in and turn upfield himself. He made six yards but used up 15

continued



Stonehands was gluefingered for Penn State's winning TD.

seconds doing it. The Lions were 17 yards from victory, but there were only 13 ticks left on the clock.

The Penn State bench called for a 71 Y-Corner, a play designed as a short throw to Tight End Mike McCloskey, who reads the defense and runs his pattern accordingly. In this case Nebraska showed three-deep coverage—McCloskey's cue for a square-out. Blackledge hit him with a 15-yard completion near the sideline. But was McCloskey out-of-bounds when he made the catch at the Nebraska two?

"I skidded my feet a little, trying to get them down," said McCloskey. "For a second I thought I was out, but it's in the record books now, right?" Right, but did you think you were out? "I have to see the films," said McCloskey with a smile.

Now, with nine seconds left—time for only two plays—Penn State showed the Huskers a running formation, a power I with two tight ends. It was all a decoy because the play—41 Shoot—called for the ball to be thrown to either McCloskey or Stonehands Bowman. McCloskey got held up at the line, but Bowman, coming off the right side, found a seam and slanted across the middle toward the back of the end zone, just as he had done when he caught a 14-yard TD pass from Blackledge in the first period. Bowman put his hand up to indicate he was open, but Blackledge, under pressure, didn't see him until the last moment. He delivered the ball low, but Bowman reached down and got it "about six inches off the ground, I think."

If Bowman was the unlikely hero, the game produced more than its share of likely ones, too. Like Nebraska's Rozier, who squeezed 60 second-half yards out of Penn State's charged-up defense and scored a third-quarter touchdown on a two-yard pass from Gill.

To get Rozier and senior I-Back Roger Craig, Nebraska's ninth-leading career rusher, into the same backfield, Osborne not only had moved Craig to fullback last spring, but also had installed a new formation called the "weak set," in which Rozier moves out of the I to play beside Craig. The result: 1,020 yards rushing and 10 TDs on the ground in the Huskers' first two games of the year, wipeouts of Iowa (42–7) and New Mexico State (68–0).

But the strategy was for naught on Saturday—Craig had suffered a badly bruised thigh in the game against New Mexico State and hardly practiced for Penn State. He picked up 27 yards on seven carries in the first half but was unable to play at all in the second.

Another predictable Husker standout was Wingback Irving Fryar, who had seven catches for 112 yards, including a 30-yard touchdown with 38 seconds left in the first half that cut Penn State's lead to 14–7. Fryar is fast enough to beat Rozier and Craig in the 40 by a few ticks and strong enough to break tackles, as he did when he bulled over Penn State defensive backs Roger Jackson and Mark Robinson to get into the end zone.

Forget, though, about Craig and Rozier and Fryar. And forget about Dave Rimington, the Cornhuskers' Outland Award-winning center who is even stronger this year because Osborne has been spelling him occasionally with backup Brad Johnson. Nebraska's season revolves around Gill. He can throw from the pocket. He can roll out either way. He can both scramble and run the option. On Saturday he was Nebraska's second-leading rusher with 60 yards on 12 carries in addition to completing 16 of 34 passes.

Gill is that rare Texas blue-chipper (he's from Fort Worth) who escaped from both the University of Texas and the University of Oklahoma. The former held no interest for him, but he concedes he'd be a Sooner today if not for Barry Switzer's wishbone offense. "I wanted to throw the ball," says Gill. "This offense is perfect for me here." Maybe so, but Gill still gets hate mail for rejecting Oklahoma. "I got a letter two weeks ago from a guy in Tulsa bad-mouthing me," says Gill, shaking his head. "He even had his return address on it. What's the matter with some people, anyway?"

"What's the matter?" is the question people have been asking about Penn State's Warner lately. The success of Air Paterno made Warner—a preseason Heisman Trophy candidate—a somewhat forgotten man in Penn State's first three victories. He set out to change that on Saturday.

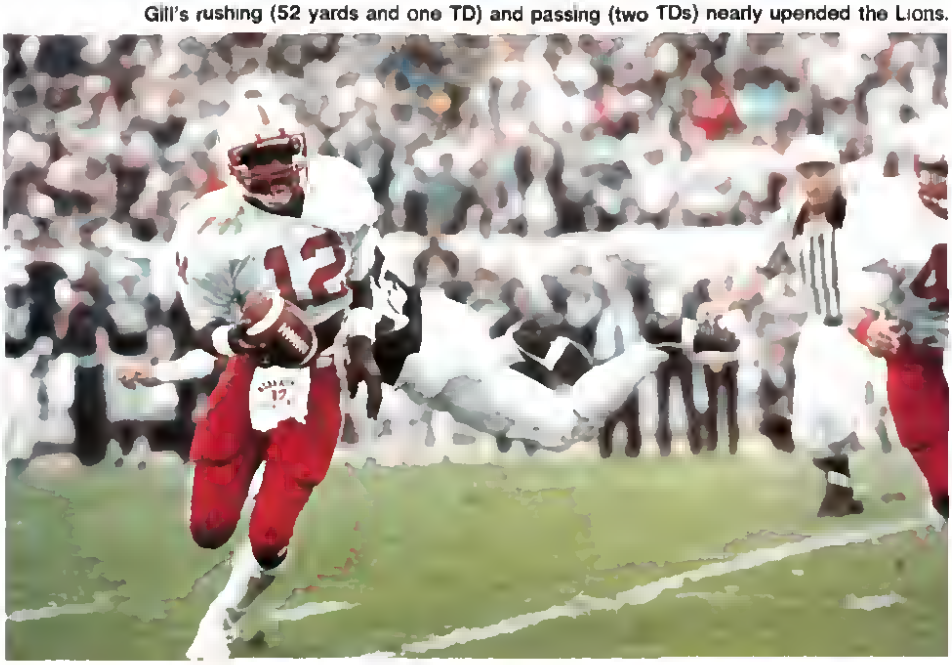
His catch of a 43-yard Blackledge pass set up Bowman's first touchdown. He rushed for 15 yards, then 31 yards, to set up Penn State's second touchdown, which he scored himself on a two-yard run in the second quarter, it was his first rushing touchdown of the season. He gained 69 yards on 12 carries in the first half—he'd come into the game with only 143 yards for the season—and it felt so nice to be contributing again.

But Warner had only one carry in the second half as leg cramps forced him to the sideline. Paterno kept asking him how he was feeling, and Warner kept saying, "I can't go, I can't go." The offensive line continued to open up holes in the second half, but it was Williams (67 yards on 10 carries), Joel Coles (20 yards on four carries) and Warner's sophomore backup, Nichols (32 yards on seven carries), skittering through them.

Warner and Blackledge are best friends, roommates and fellow members of the Penn State chapter of the Fellowship of Christian Athletes. After Warner had publicly criticized Paterno following the Nittany Lions' opening game, in which he had only 13 carries (for 50

continued

Gill's rushing (52 yards and one TD) and passing (two TDs) nearly upended the Lions.



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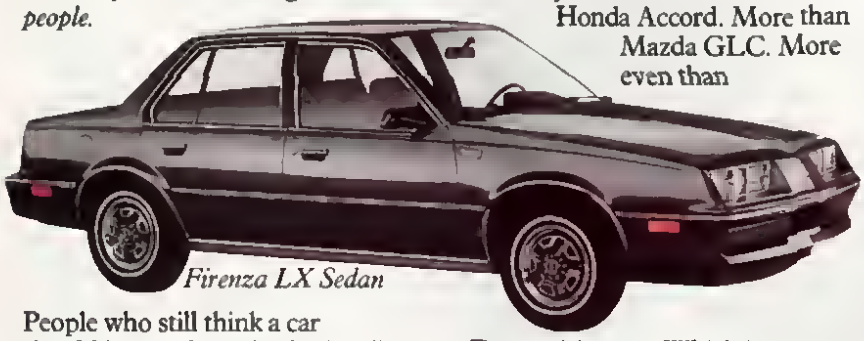
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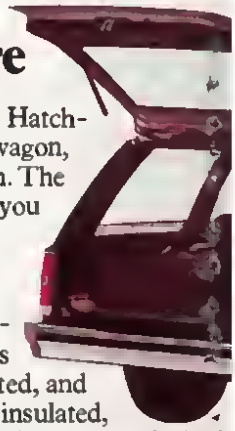


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Newport	16	1.2

...100's	TAR mg/cg	NICOTINE mg/cg
Kent 100's	14	1.2
Winston Lights 100's	12	0.9
Benson & Hedges 100's	16	1.1
Parliament Lights 100's	12	0.9
Salem 100's	15	1.1
Marlboro 100's	16	1.1

TAR & NICOTINE NUMBERS AS REPORTED IN LATEST FTC REPORT

Carlton Kings	**Less than**	**0.5**	**0.1**
Carlton Menthol	**Less than**	**0.5**	**0.1**
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After hauling in a Gill pass end then breaking two tackles, Fryar (27) rambled on in for the Huskers' only first-half score.

yards), it was Blackledge who settled him down and set him on the right course.

"I told Curt I knew what he was feeling," says Blackledge. "Everybody used to say I wasn't a big-league quarterback. I've experienced the same thing Curt has time and time again. When you're only running the ball 12 or 13 times instead of 30 times, you have to hit it just right. I know, because that's how it was when I was throwing only 12 or 13 times a game."

This season Paterno has given Blackledge the go-ahead to throw about 30 times a game (he's 71 of 118 for 973 yards and a Penn State single-season record-tying 15 touchdowns after four games). The players still talk about Paterno's sudden commitment to a passing game in tones of disbelief. "Frankly, I'm amazed," says Kenny Jackson. He puts his hands in front of him and twists them from one side to the other. "It's night and day around here," he adds. "That's how different things have been."

Night and day, particularly for Blackledge. After he was red-shirted as a freshman, he and Jeff Hostetler engaged in a battle for starting quarterback, and Blackledge won in the fourth game of the 1980 season. Saturday's game marked his 25th consecutive start, but his inconsistency has more than once turned the thoughts of Nittany Lion fans to Hostetler, who transferred to West Virginia and has led the Mountaineers to an unexpected 3–0 record this season.

After the first two games of 1981, for example, Blackledge had completed just eight of 25 passes. At best, he was considered a quarterback in the mold of Chuck Burkhart, neither a great passer nor a great runner, but a winner who led the Lions to 22 straight wins in 1968-69. Blackledge liked the winner tag, of course, but he also thought himself a classic dropback passer. No, said everybody else, just hand the ball to your roommate, Todd, and get out of the way.

"I admit my reputation of not being a big-league quarterback bothered me," says Blackledge. "But then I started to put it in the right perspective. My goal is to become a better quarterback than I was. One of the major things, obviously, is to improve my touchdown-interception ratio." He's doing that. It was 12 touchdowns-14 interceptions last year, so far this year it is 15–5.


Nittany Lion fans were anything but blue about the 27–24 outcome.

Air Paterno actually started to come together in the summer when Blackledge, Warner and Jackson remained at State College and worked out. "We never seemed to be on the same page before with our passing game," said Jackson, "but now it's come together. We know each other's moves so well, it's almost like a ballet out there."

No one has ever connected Bowman, Saturday's most unlikely hero, with ballet. Before he became a tight end just three weeks ago, he had been a linebacker, defensive end, defensive tackle, nose guard and offensive guard. "I have the kind of body [he's 6′ 1½″, 238] that can play anywhere, I guess," he says. Indeed, one can only think that perhaps a career as a center was beckoning Bowman after he (a) ran a pattern beyond the end line without realizing it in his receiving debut against Maryland and (b) dropped a Blackledge pass that was right in his hands the following week against Rutgers. After that Bowman was rechristened Stonehands.

"Hey, I had to look down at my program two times to believe that was you," one of Bowman's friends kidded him after Saturday's game.

"Yeah, that was good ol' No. 80," said Bowman.

The way Blackledge is clicking these days, it's likely to be anyone; already he has completed passes to 13 different receivers. One can only wonder what will happen if Air Paterno and Ground Warner get together. **END**

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The Big Cheese Of The Cardinals



Whitey (The White Rat) Herzog brought in new players to execute an old system and made St. Louis the best team in the National League East

by STEVE WULF

The Friday Kiwanis Club luncheon at Grant's Cabin on Watson Road in St. Louis began with a spirited singing of *America*. Then Monsignor Richard J. Gallagher delivered the invocation. He threw a changeup.

". . . we thank You for the Smiths, for the Hernandezes and for Whitey Herzog, the Harry Truman of baseball. . ."

Herzog was being honored on this day as the South Side Kiwanis' 36th Sportsman of the Year, following in the footsteps of such Cardinal luminaries as Stan Musial, Red Schoendienst, Ken Boyer, Lou Brock, Joe Torre and, oh well, Mike Tyson. Herzog was given a silver tray by chapter president Hellmuth (Red) Renninga, which seemed only fair since Herzog was about to serve to St. Louis, on a platter, its first baseball title of any sort in 14 years. At the end of last week Herzog's Cardinals—and these are *his* Cardinals—led the National League East by a commanding 5½ games.

Which is why last Friday he was being toasted by a gathering that included the Big Eagle himself, 83-year-old beer baron and team owner Gussie Busch. "He is one great guy, and I call him The Rat," growled Busch. "He knows more about baseball than you or I will ever know. Congratulations again, and the best of everything to you, my good friend."

Dorrel Norman (Whitey, The White Rat, Relly) Herzog, the Harry Truman of baseball, couldn't have been enjoying himself more. Here he was, in front of an adoring crowd of 240 people, one of whom was his club's owner, 30 miles from the town in which he was raised just a few days short of clinching a division title for the team he loved in his youth.

Just a little more than two years ago, after Kansas City had fired him, Herzog came to Busch's retreat at Grant's Farm in St. Louis to talk about a job. "I knew we were going to get along," Herzog told the Kiwanians. "He thought almost the way I did. Whenever I ask him about something he just says"—and here Herzog changed his voice to a foghorn—" 'Do it.' "

Herzog did it, all right. Taking a team that had forgotten how to win, he cleaned house and guided it to the best record in its division last year and to its present eminence this year over better teams, at least on paper. But then, Dewey looked better on paper than Truman.

"The two men [Truman and Herzog] just struck me as being similar," said Monsignor Gallagher, pastor of St. Raphael's in St. Louis. "Perhaps it was because of the way they both assault the

language. Maybe it's because with both men, you know who the boss is. You can tell that when Whitey takes the ball from one of his pitchers."

"Nobody ever called me the Harry Truman of baseball before," said Whitey. "They called me a lot of other things, though. . . ."

Growing up in New Athens, Ill., Herzog was called Relly. He lived and died with the Cardinals and copied Stan Musial's batting stance. "I've been in a slump ever since," he says. New Athens was a small town of 1,500. Herzog's father worked on the highway crew and his mother was a housewife. Mary Lou Sinn gave him a valentine when he was in the sixth grade and she was in the fifth, but they didn't start dating until after high school and didn't get married until he was in the service. Obviously, his eye for talent was still developing. In the meantime, he played baseball and worked at a variety of jobs.

Herzog signed with the Yankees right after graduation. His rise through the minors was interrupted when he joined the Army Corps of Engineers and was stationed at Fort Leonard Wood, Mo., where he managed the baseball team and once beat a Fort Carson, Colo. team managed by Billy Martin. "In two years we went 85–6 and 86–5," says Herzog. "Of course, you could become a free agent after only two years." The team's bat boy was Mike McKenzie, whose father was an athletic and recreation officer at the base. "Once Herzog's troops wanted a holiday pass to go to a game in St. Louis but had a doubleheader scheduled," recalls McKenzie, a writer for *The Kansas City Star*. "So Herzog got some soldiers to flood the field with hoses during the night, and the games had to be canceled because of wet grounds on a day the temperature went over a hundred degrees."

After the service, while on the Yankees' Denver farm club, Herzog came under the influence of Manager Ralph Houk, of whom Herzog says, "Nobody could handle players better than he could." Herzog also got a nickname that would last a lifetime. "Johnny Pesky, our coach, said I looked like a pitcher named Bob Kuzaba," says Herzog. "And they called him the White Rat."

In Denver, Herzog and Mary Lou had bought a mobile home. In 1956 the Yankees traded him and four other players to the Washington Senators for Mickey McDermott. The Herzogs took the mobile home with them to Washington; the unusual quarters earned Whitey his first national publicity.

Herzog was a useful major league outfielder, playing for the Senators, A's, Orioles and Tigers. While with the A's in Kansas City, he and Mary Lou decided to settle in Independence, Truman's hometown, and they have lived there ever since. One night in 1958 McKenzie and his father went out with Herzog for pizza. Recalls McKenzie, "Whitey told us the A's had obtained a rightfielder with a great arm and bat. 'He's capable of breaking Ruth's record,' Whitey said." Of course, the man Herzog was talking about was Bob Cerv. Just kidding. It was Roger Maris. Herzog's legendary eye for talent did not extend to cars, however. He was driving an Edsel at the time.

Herzog's career was cut short in 1963 when he came down with a virus in spring training with the Tigers. It affected his inner ear, and to this day Herzog can have occasional dizzy spells if he bends down suddenly.

After the ailing Herzog batted .151 for the Tigers in '63, he went back to Independence. He had a lot of work experience to draw from besides baseball, having driven a hearse, dug graves, sold bricks and worked in a brewery and a bakery. By night he studied surveying and by day he supervised a construction crew. "I had 35 guys working for me on this job, and only about 15 of them wanted to work," he says. When the weather got cold, half of the crew had to be laid off, but to make sure they were the right half, Herzog laid them all off and told the ones he really wanted to come back on Monday. This violation of seniority rules didn't sit well with the union. Rather than put up with the rules, Herzog quit. Seventeen years later, though, he would do the same thing with the Cardinals and succeed.

Hank Peters, now general manager of the Orioles and then the farm director of the A's, offered Herzog a scouting job for $7,500 a year. "I signed 12 players for $120,000 and seven of them eventually made the major league roster," Herzog says. "The best was Chuck Dobson, the pitcher. I could have had Don Sutton for $16,000, but Charlie Finley wouldn't give me the money." Herzog later became an A's coach but quit when Finley wouldn't give him more money.

Herzog went to work for the Mets in 1966 and served them for seven years as a coach, a scout and the director of player development. Some of the talent he spotted or taught included Jerry Koosman, Jon Matlack and Amos Otis. He worked with Joe McDonald, the director of minor league operations; last spring Herzog handed McDonald the general manager's hat he wore while restructuring the Cardinals.



The White Rat fights to protect his nest.

After the 1972 season Herzog accepted an offer from Texas General Manager Joe Burke to take over the Rangers. With typical bluntness, Herzog called them "one of the worst major league teams I've ever seen." They justified his appraisal by going 47–91 before owner Bob Short fired him and hired Billy Martin with 23 games to go in the '73 season.

continued



Herzog with two of his biggest supporters: wife Mary Lou and the Cards' owner, Busch.

"It really wasn't fair," Mary Lou was saying last Friday evening during the Cardinals' 3–1 victory over the Chicago Cubs. "If he'd known that his job was on the line . . . burry, Tommy [Herr], hurry! . . . he'd have managed completely different."

Mary Lou is a splendid woman, as candid and talkative as her husband. They must have some wonderful fights. They fish and ski together, and even talk baseball. She sits right behind the plate and roots, roots, roots for the home team: "He does bring the game home with him, and he'll sit around the table talking things over with me and our sons, David and Jim. . . . C'mon, John [Stuper], don't lose him!—John's having control problems tonight, probably nervous. . . . I don't think he takes my suggestions very seriously. I did tell him he should use Mike Ramsey a little more, but that was about the time Ozzie Smith got injured anyway. . . . Pop him up, John!"

Herzog may take the game home with him, but he once forgot to take his son home. "When Whitey was managing in the Instructional League for the Mets, he once took Jim, who was about nine, to the ball park," says Mary Lou. "At the end of the day Jim told Whitey he had to go to the bathroom. . . . C'mon, Lonnie! [Smith strikes out]. Oh, baloney! . . . and Whitey forgot about it and left him."

Although Whitey doesn't mind being called Rat, Mary Lou is not too crazy about it. "In school they'd call our children the little white mice," she says. "One of our neighbors in Independence used to put a sign on our lawn that said WHITE RAT. Whenever Whitey went away, I'd take it down. People thought we were selling them critters. . . . I never noticed Darrell [Porter] crouching that low before."

Actually, zoologists tell us that the white rat has some admirable qualities. He is easily handled if not misused, and he will fight to protect his nest.

Herzog is even proud of some of the Rat caricatures drawn of him by 70-year-old cartoonist Amadee Wohlschlaeger of St. Louis. They hang on an office wall with the pictures of Casey Stengel, Stan Musial and current Cardinal players, a gag trophy honoring Herzog as New Athens Man of the Year 1980 and a reminder from a Marine general that says DFIU—Don't Foul It Up. "I'm going to have a lot of moving to do when I get my butt canned from this job," says Herzog.

Burke knew Herzog had gotten a raw deal in Texas, so after he became general manager of the Royals, he hired Herzog to replace Jack McKeon as manager in the middle of the '75 season. Kansas City finished second that year and then won the next three American League West titles. Herzog installed Frank White at second, made George Brett his No. 3 hitter, put Larry Gura in the rotation, started Willie Wilson, etc. He made a lot of changes, stressing speed and defense, and the Royals still bear his stamp. Indeed, the Cardinals were made in the Royals' image.

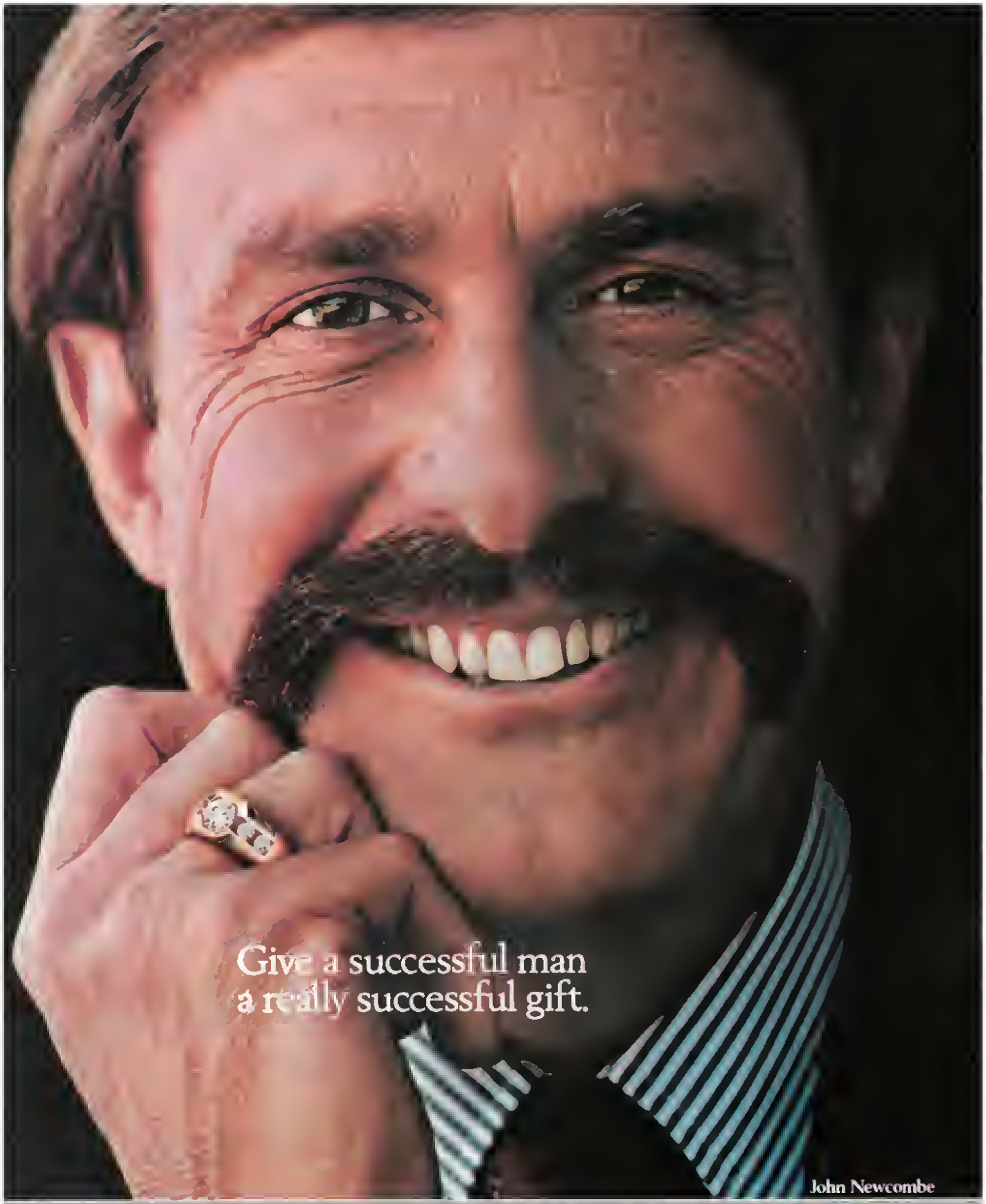
After K.C.'s second division title in 1977, Herzog was honored on the courthouse steps of Independence. The only other to have that honor was Truman. Actually, Herzog had met Truman several times when he played for the A's. And he was in the Truman house shortly before the President died in 1972. "It was eight days before Christmas," says Herzog. "I was quail hunting on a friend's farm just north of Independence when an ice storm hit. The friend asked me to do him a favor. He said he sent a turkey to the Trumans every year at Christmas, but that he was afraid he couldn't get through, and he asked me to take it. I said sure, but when I was driving back, I realized I couldn't go to the Truman house dressed in my hunting clothes. So I put the turkey in the freezer, and the next day I put my suit on and took the turkey over there. I just drove around to the back. Bess answered the door; she was on the phone at the time. Harry was upstairs, I guess. When she got off the phone, she thanked me—they were terrific people—and asked me to wish my friend a merry Christmas. Then I left.

"What bothered me was how easy I got into their house. But that spring I was playing golf in a foursome down in Texas. When I introduced myself to this guy, he said, 'Yes, Whitey Herzog. You delivered a turkey to the Trumans on December 17.' Turns out he was a Secret Service man stationed in the house across the street. The Trumans didn't want any more surveillance than that."

On the day Herzog was honored in Independence he was given a Jeep and an English pointer, and Royals owner Ewing Kauffman said, "He can be my manager forever."

Forever lasted two more years. Burke and Herzog quarreled over some personnel moves in 1979, and Herzog also openly criticized the one-year contracts the Royals always offered him. Kauffman chided Herzog for bunting too much, once in the manager's office, once in the press hospitality room. Herzog had lost the respect of some of his players for his harsh treatment of First Baseman John Mayberry, who was also a Kauffman favorite. Hostilities built and never disap-

continued



A diamond is forever. DeBeers

peared, and Herzog got fired. He actually criticized Burke for not firing him earlier, when the Royals could have used the spark a new manager often brings.

Herzog still remains a very popular figure in Kansas City, both in the community and in the clubhouse. "He was a great strategist, even on defense," says White. "All the guys enjoyed playing for him." Brett, a friend of Herzog's, says, "If I ever managed, I'd try to do the things Whitey did. He gave players confidence, but he wasn't afraid to stand up to them. He'd play hearts with you. I remember once going to his house for a quail dinner. Next game I went four-for-four. Later in the season I was struggling a little and one day Whitey walks into the clubhouse with a couple of quail that Mary Lou had sent me."



Sutter, who has 35 savas this year, was one of Herzog's many important acquisitions.

That ability to be a player's friend and still be his boss is Herzog's secret. A lot of managers know talent and a lot of them know when to hit and run, but Herzog combines those assets. "He's a great manager," says Reliever Bruce Sutter, who Herzog admits has been the Cardinals' salvation. "He tells everybody straight out what their job is. He doesn't put any pressure on you or second-guess. And he's one of the guys." Leftfielder Lonnie Smith says, "The only thing I don't like is we can't have music in the clubhouse. But at least we can have Walkmans."

One day recently Herzog took Sutter, Porter and utility man Gene Tenace to his favorite fishing spot in Freeburg, Ill., not far from New Athens. The four of them were fishing from a pontoon boat when Tenace, reeling in his line, accidentally snagged Herzog's line. "Whitey's there shouting, 'I got one, got a big one,' " says Tenace. "When he finds out what's really going on, we all start laughing. I wish I had it on film, you know, *This Week in Fishing*."

On some mornings when the Cardinals are at home Herzog will get up at five, drive out to his friend Herb Fox's cabin in Freeburg and fish for largemouth bass by himself till 9:30. A week ago Wednesday he had a good day, bringing home 14 bass. "First of all, I like to eat them," he says. "Second, it's the most relaxing thing I can think of. No phones, no baseball, just some deep thinking. I also like the challenge of finding out what they're hitting on." Just then Porter stops by to recommend a green jig with a black frog. "They must be down deep," says Herzog.

Herzog's coaches are even more taken by him than his players. "In all the years I've been with him," says Third Base Coach Chuck Hiller, who was on Herzog's staff in Texas and Kansas City, "I've never known him to mistreat a player." Says Red Schoendienst, who was the Cardinal manager for 12 years and is now a coach, "He doesn't criticize players. He talks to them. He knows what he's doing, I'll tell you that. Except when he's fishing. He always yells, 'That's a keeper,' and then pulls up a fish four inches long." Butch Yatkeman, the clubhouse man who's retiring this year after 59 years with the Cardinals, says, "He's the best man I've worked for, and there have been a lot of nice ones. Last year I was supposed to retire. When we were about to resume the second season, Whitey and I were alone in the clubhouse one day, and he said, 'Butch, you don't want to retire after this kind of a season. Why don't you stay on another year?' It wasn't like I was indispensable—he was just thinking of me."

Gussie Busch rarely talks to his manager about baseball. "When he hired me that June," says Herzog, "I was afraid he might bring in a general manager who I couldn't get along with. I think he was thinking along the same lines when he offered to make me general manager." At the winter meetings that December, Herzog set about clearing house, acquiring Sutter and assorted others. During the season he added Joaquin Andujar. Before this season he got Lonnie and Ozzie Smith. Lonnie has a chance to be the first player since Ty Cobb to have 70 RBIs and 70 stolen bases in a season, and Herzog estimates that Ozzie's spectacular play at shortstop has saved the Cardinals 100 runs. Andujar, who wasn't a regular starter in Houston, was 15–10 through Sunday. Somehow Herzog traded away the 1981 American League Cy Young and MVP winner, Rollie Fingers, and a strong 1982 Cy Young candidate, Pete Vuckovich, and came up smelling like a rose.

On Friday he told the luncheon crowd, "I've got a wife who's been pretty good to me, five of the greatest coaches a manager could have and my players. Good players make a good manager, and you can't be a smart manager without a good bullpen. I am worried about our hitting, though. We haven't done much yet, unless we win the world championship."

Give 'em hell, Whitey. **END**

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A Jump Ahead Of Everyone Else

Melanie Smith and her show jumper, Calypso, are world-beaters, even if no one in her native land seems to know it **by DEMMIE STATHOPLOS**

When Melanie Ainsworth Smith and her 9-year-old bay gelding, Calypso, won the show-jumping World Cup in Sweden in April, the 12,000 spectators in the Göteberg arena went wild. Hats and flowers sailed into the ring, and the U.S. Ambassador to Sweden, Franklin S. Forsberg, who had been watching the World Cup live on television in Stockholm, called to congratulate her "for all of America."

Of course, the ambassador, ever the diplomat, failed to mention the fact that "all of America" has never heard of Smith, because "horse jumping," as Smith says, "just hasn't caught on here yet."

"Yet" is the operative word. Smith, a 33-year-old strawberry blonde with a will of tempered steel, has been fighting long odds and winning for a long time, and if she has anything to say about it, you're going to be hearing a lot about her in the next couple of years. She plans to put the sport of grand prix show jumping on the map—specifically, the map of North America. Europe is already tuned in. "Show jumping is the second most popular sport over there, after soccer," says Smith. "It's not unusual to have 60,000 or 70,000 people come to watch a competition. The crowds in Europe know what they are watching. They're more educated."

Indeed, Europe knew so well what it saw at the World Cup last spring in Sweden that Hermès, France's ineffably prestigious silk and leather firm, long a prominent supporter of show jumping, invited 35 ineffably prestigious guests to Paris to celebrate Smith's win, an accomplishment the Hermès people regarded as worthy of only the third party that their company has hosted in 150 years.

It is a delight to visualize Smith at such an elegant fete as she sits barefoot on the grass, wearing the most pragmatic of shorts and halter top, outside the stable complex that is growing under her firm direction at Windrush Farm in Morris, Conn. She's waiting for a call from Holland to get details on the purchase of a Dutch horse; a representative from the *Road to L.A.* has been calling from the Coast for days, wanting to conduct a six-hour telephone interview to serve as the basis for a TV script about her; ABC has already tromped over Windrush Farm, shooting footage for a special on her

continued



Smith checks out the course at the World Championships in Dublin, jump by jump.

MELANIE SMITH *continued*

sport. But at the moment the toast of international show jumping is making a necklace of clover and recalling a simpler time, when she grew up, the quintessential horse nut, in Germantown, Tenn.

"I had a *wonderful* childhood," Smith says. She's the second daughter of Hugh Frank Smith, a native of Alabama and an editor with the Memphis *Press-Scimitar*, and Rachael Ainsworth Smith, whose great-great-grandparents drove an ox-team from upstate New York to Fort Dodge, Iowa in 1802. Rachael ran a successful riding school in Germantown for nearly 30 years, but to say that Hugh Frank prefers football to horses is a decided understatement. "Every year Bear Bryant sends him a season's worth of football tickets," Rachael says. "Animals are not my husband's thing. Horses are always biting him or stepping on him." In deference to Hugh Frank, Rachael did name one of her horses The Crimson Tide—Melanie was the intermediate jumper champion on him at the Devon, Pa. horse show in 1975. Rachael, who will be 70 this week, says that she can still jump on a horse bareback and run off with only a halter on him.

Melanie began riding shortly after she learned to walk, when her Iowa grandfather gave her a Shetland pony named White Wind. She keeps a photograph of herself at age three standing, in open-toed sandals, on the bare back of the pony. The caption beneath it reads, "White Wind, my first pony. My favorite picture of all."

Melanie did not just stand around on White Wind. She rode cows. She rode pigs. She broke the family ponies to lead and to a rider. "I had a group of about six friends," she says, "and all summer we would go off with our ponies. We'd have slumber parties and take the ponies. We went swimming with them, riding them into the water until it came up to their bellies, then sliding off and letting them swim while we hung on to their manes. We took off our shirts and hung them over the fences so the ponies could jump in the moonlight. In the winter, the ponies pulled sleds if there was one snowflake, and on the last day of school we just rode our ponies up to get our diplomas."

What these early experiences did was consolidate Smith's invaluable, instinctive feel for horses that could not have been instilled through hundreds of hours of instruction. "When I began competing and the pressure came," Smith says, "I had so much confidence, such a rapport with horses, that it was just not a part of riding to feel nervous or tense. Riding was more natural to me than walking. I fall off my high heels more often than I fall off a horse."

Show jumping derives from fox hunting, in which horse and rider hurl themselves over whatever presents itself while in pursuit of the fox, whether fence, ditch or stream. At 14, Melanie was a whipper-in and rode with the Longreen Hunt in Collierville, Tenn. for five years.

continued



At a minor meet Smith jumps the mare Bello, who'll have an embryo-transplant role.


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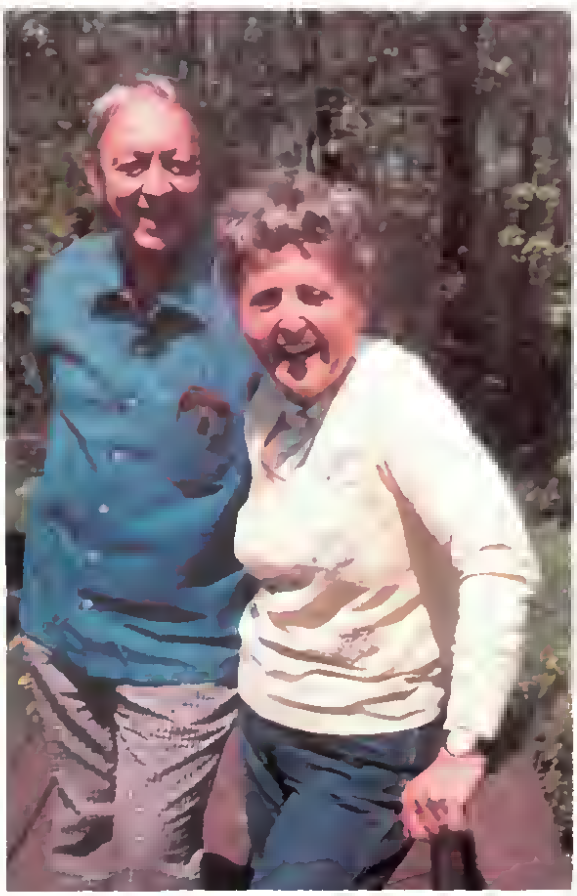
It's no myth: Smith once bought a unicorn, and friends keep picking them up for her.

Last New Year's Day she was invited to ride with the Warwickshire Hunt in England, an experience she found something of a revelation. "It wasn't a question of *is* there a ditch after this fence, but of how wide and deep will this ditch be. The views were spectacular, but there were 12-foot drops. There was a field of 150 riders—do you go to the front and fall off and get trampled, or hang back and trample on the ones who have fallen off already? It lasted six hours!"

In show jumping, these natural obstacles are simulated by a course designer, who arranges a variety of jumps and fences, and it doesn't matter how the horse gets over them, but whether or not it can go "clean," *i.e.*, finish the course without knocking a fence rail down, refusing a jump or throwing the rider. The point is to finish the course in the fastest time with the least number of faults, and there are a set number of penalty points assigned to each infraction: For instance, each rail down equals four faults.

On the grand prix level, the highest level of international competition, the courses are more difficult and the fences higher (up to six feet) and wider. There are times when the horse brings down not only the fence, but the rider and himself as well—to "crash and burn," as Smith puts it—and years of experience don't always insure against such occurrences. In May at Hickstead, England, a member of the U.S. Equestrian Team broke his leg in just such a fall, and one of England's top horses crashed into a fence and shattered a leg. He had to be destroyed on the course.

Hickstead was a preliminary event to the World Show-Jumping Championships in Dublin in June, where the U.S. finished a disappointing fourth. Yet it was the only nation to have all four riders on its team in the top 20, underscoring a key problem for the Americans. The U.S. has many of the world's top riders but lacks a similar depth in its string of horses. One reason for this is that the best jumpers are bred in the countries where show jumping is important. Smith found Calypso, the best American horse, in Holland in 1978. The fact that she still has him is something of a miracle, and a review of her career points up why.



Hugh Frank and Rachael are still going strong in their own different directions.

The Smiths weren't wealthy, but like so many parents of promising amateur athletes they were willing to make sacrifices to help their child achieve a goal. As a girl Melanie had modest successes in Mid-South horse shows, but to advance any further she needed expert coaching and top horses. That would cost money. A lot of money. The Smiths chose another route. In 1968 George Morris, a 1960 Olympian and the premier U.S. jumping coach, held a clinic in Knoxville, and Melanie, then 19, and Rachael double-teamed him. "George was recovering from hepatitis, and he was mean as hell," says Rachael of this first meeting. "But I walked right up to him. He said, 'What do *you* want?' He was thinking, 'Oh, God, here comes another idiot mother.' I said, 'I want the Olympic team.' "

"Can you imagine," moans Smith, "this little country stranger telling George Morris she wants her daughter on the Olympic team?" Morris told the Smiths flatly that Melanie was too old to begin serious training and didn't have a good enough horse or sufficient money. But Melanie tackled him again the following year. This time Morris agreed to coach her during the six-event Florida circuit in the winter of 1970. She became champion in the amateur-owner jumper division and won the national title in that category later that year. Then Morris *asked* her to work with him, although he had never before taken on working students. She has been with him 12 years now, longer than any other student.

Smith's relationship with Morris became her entree to the all-important "A" show-jumping circuit. In exchange for her grooming and braiding horses, Morris coached her and, as she says, "gave me organizational and technical knowledge. I found out that the things I had been doing all along had names."

She continued to chalk up a string of

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St. James's 130-year-old study was transported board by board from England and was reassembled in his house in Connecticut.

impressive victories until, in 1974, she got a sponsor, Stillmeadow Farm in Connecticut. Sponsorship is the only way most riders are able to compete over the long term, because it can cost more than $100,000 a year for a top-level rider and horse to stay on the circuit. Smith's arrangement was like most: Stillmeadow picked up the tab for keeping her on the circuit; in return, she trained and showed their horses in competition. To preserve her amateur status, required for the Pan-Am and Olympic games, Smith can accept none of the money or gifts won in competition. Those go to the owner of her horse.

Later that year Smith won her first grand prix event, on a bay gelding named Radnor II. (In 1976 Radnor II was the leading money-winner, and Smith was chosen as an alternate to the Olympic Games but did not get the chance to ride.)

In 1977, Stillmeadow purchased another horse, a 12-year-old French gelding with a weakness for Life Savers named Val de Loire. Val de Loire became Smith's regular mount, and she rode him to an unprecedented five grand prix wins in 1978. Val de Loire was Horse of the Year, Smith was Rider of the Year and between them they won $36,800 for Stillmeadow, a lot of money for the sport at that time.

Nineteen seventy-eight turned out to be the pivotal year for Smith in another way: She found her one-in-a-million horse in Holland. She bought Calypso, then five years old, for Stillmeadow for $40,000, a price that was to prove decidedly bargain basement. She began training him, and soon they emerged as a team that was to set show jumping on its ear.

In 1980 Smith realized her dream of being selected to represent the U.S. at the Olympic Games, but then, of course, the U.S. didn't participate in Moscow. Instead the team competed in Rotterdam, Calypso's home turf, at the alternate Olympics, and once again fate almost cost Smith the chance to ride for her country.

It was the morning of the final day of competition. A rookie groom was mucking out Calypso's stall, unaware that Calypso didn't have the good-natured personality of his stablemate, Val de Loire. Calypso has a strong sense of privacy; he doesn't care for strangers in his stall and can make that perfectly clear in a few seconds. Calypso is often bluffing, but when he made a move toward the groom in Rotterdam, ears menacingly slicked back against his head, the groom panicked and accidentally rammed a pitchfork tine into the corner of the mouth of America's best hope for a medal.

"Calypso was bleeding all over the place," Smith recalls with a grimace. "We alternated icing and heating the wound, but he was so sore I couldn't put a bit in his mouth. I had to work him with a halter." A few hours later Smith and Calypso went into the ring and emerged with a bronze medal. Typically, Smith gives her horse the credit. "He really rises to the occasion," she says, no pun presumably intended. "He seems to know when an event is really important."

Unfortunately, back home, matters were not going so well at Stillmeadow Farm. Smith's once close relationship with the owners had deteriorated to the point where she was no longer living there; she was expected just to show up before a competition to ride the horses. In a sport in which the rider is also the trainer, the arrangement was at best counterproductive. Horses require a daily training program. Smith was not permitted to control their regimen, and a distinct falling-off was observed in their performance.

To this day Smith refuses to comment on the details of what led to her final break with Stillmeadow, but about the time the relationship went sour, a successful young entrepreneur named Marc St. James was looking for a new investment. St. James is a spectacular example of the workaholic; his idea of fun is a 20-hour business day. At 36 he was the owner of several privately held companies engaged in a variety of business activities, but he wanted something different that would appreciate in value, produce revenue and provide a tax shelter. Horses, he found, filled the bill. "The thoroughbred market was fully developed," says St. James, "so I hired people to do original research on show jumpers." What he discovered was that jumpers outperformed stocks, bonds, gold, diamonds and real estate, so in October 1979 he purchased a rundown 25-acre farm in the small north-

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western Connecticut community of Morris. He named it Windrush after the winds that sweep over its hillsides the year around. He rid the barn of hundreds of rats, removed 28 tons of manure from the show ring, built some stalls and began looking for a top trainer and rider for the horses he planned to purchase.

The timing was almost perfect. The previous month St. James had taken his wife, Joyce, to the American Jumping Derby in Portsmouth, R.I., where Smith and Calypso won the first leg of show jumping's Triple Crown. In 1981 the pair won the second leg at the American Gold Cup in Devon, and in 1982 Smith and



Melanie and Calypso at Windrush Farm, in clover at last. Well, actually, in dandelions.

Calypso polished off the third leg with their win at the American Invitational in Tampa. This marked the first time these events had been won by the same horse and rider. In fact, no horse *or* rider had ever won all three, much less the same horse-and-rider combination.

After seeing Smith's performance on Calypso at the American Jumping Derby St. James approached her with an offer she found hard to refuse, but she held on as long as possible to the arrangement with Stillmeadow, because they owned Calypso. When the final rupture came, in June of 1981, it was a heartbreaking moment. She was going to have to start from scratch with new, untrained horses.

But she got lucky. On July 1, she heard that Calypso was up for sale and tried to buy him for St. James. Stillmeadow, obviously not wanting Smith to have the horse, insisted Calypso was *not* for sale, but Smith learned that a friend had an option to purchase him, and after several months of tense, complicated negotiations, Windrush Farm succeeded in buying Calypso for $535,000.

"The man who had the option knew Calypso was the best jumper in the world," says St. James. "Fortunately he wanted to keep the horse in America and make sure it was in the right hands, and the right hands were clearly Melanie's. She had found the horse, trained him and won with him. He truly belonged to her."

It was late on the night of Sept. 1 when the van finally pulled up to the stable in Morris with Calypso safely on board. Smith had not seen him in nearly three months, and as he was led down the ramp she, the St. Jameses and a dozen farm employees greeted him with cheers, tears and champagne.

Last December, Calypso became the first show jumper to be syndicated through a limited partnership. The price tag was a staggering $650,000—and this for a gelding. There could thus be no earnings from sales of future foals or from stud fees, as is normally the expectation with livestock syndications. But Calypso is already 15% ahead of his projected earnings; before the World Cup win in Sweden, St. James was offered $1.4 million for him. The present estimate is that Calypso will be worth more than $2.1 million after the '84 Olympics.

This could be just the beginning. St. James and Smith believe a main reason that show jumpers haven't been as popular investments as quarter horses and thoroughbred racehorses is the lack of a show-jumper breeding program in the U.S. To solve this problem, a second syndication is now being put together that will comprise five horses—a stallion, two geldings and two mares. It will also include an agreement with a group of Colorado-based genetic engineers, who will provide expertise in an innovative, high-tech approach to breeding called embryo transfer that is already widely used with cattle. The plan is to breed the mares in the syndication to the stallion and, shortly after conception, non-surgically transplant the embryos to surrogate mothers that will carry the foals to term. This way the biological mothers can remain in competition on the show circuit—thereby continuing to add dollars to their value and to that of their progeny. It is estimated that each mare could produce six foals annually and still show jump. The next object is to increase show jumping's prize money and make the sport more economically feasible for amateur athletes. "Golf and tennis bloomed when they went professional," says St. James. "Currently, the total prize money available from every pro event on the show-jumping circuit in this country is around $250,000, maybe a maximum of $2 million in the entire sport worldwide. I would like to see to it that *single* events here will be contested for purses of $250,000. And this isn't a sport where you're washed up early. The average age of Olympic horses is 14, and riders can continue into their 50s or beyond." If purses of $250,000 are offered, it's a safe bet good horses and riders will *really* hang in there.

Meanwhile, Smith is still pursuing her Olympic dream, while hoping her sport will soon become of real importance in the U.S. Little more than a year ago she felt her best chance for a medal had been dashed with the apparent loss of her beloved Calypso. Now, not only does she have him back, but also, on Sept. 19, she bested the field in the Gold Cup in Devon again. The capacity crowd outdoors at Devon was only 5,000, and there were no ambassadorial compliments this time. They gave Smith a standing ovation, though, a rarity in the sport. And there are going to be many more. **END.**

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1932
BABE RUTH

It will be remembered as the most controversial moment of any World Series and certainly the most dramatic. Did Babe Ruth really point to the centerfield seats of Chicago's Wrigley Field before hitting a home run to that spot in the fifth inning of the third game of the 1932 Series? We will never know for certain, nor does it really matter. The important thing is that with nearly 50,000 fans hooting and jeering, with the entire Cubs bench riding him, the Babe stood his ground, egged them on, in fact, with taunts of his own and then delivered the last word, the longest home run ever hit at Wrigley. It broke a 4–4 tie and gave the Yankees the lead for good. The next day New York won again to sweep the Series in four straight games.

Ruth was 38 and at the height of his popularity even if his hitting had begun to tail off a bit. He had incurred the wrath of the Cubs by calling them cheapskates for voting their teammate (and former Yankee), Mark Koenig, only a half share of World Series money when Koenig had been an important factor in the Cubs' drive to the pennant. The jockeying was rough during the first two games at Yankee Stadium and bordered on dangerous when the Yanks arrived in Chicago. In batting practice at Wrigley, fans threw lemons at the Babe, who picked them up and tossed them back. With a strong breeze blowing toward right, he and Lou Gehrig drove 16 balls out of the ballpark. Ruth yelled at the Cubs, "I'd play for half my salary if I could hit in this dump all the time." *

The first time Ruth came up he emphasized the point. There were runners on first and second with no one out. Cub Pitcher Charlie Root threw two balls, then a fastball on the outside part of the plate which Ruth nonetheless pulled into the rightfield bleachers to put the Yankees up 3–0. Two innings later Gehrig added a home run to make 4–1.

But the Cubs bounced back with two runs in the third and one in the fourth for a 4–4 tie so that the crowd was jubilant when the Yanks came up in the fifth. Kneeling in the on-deck circle, Ruth was nearly hit by still another lemon. Joe Sewell grounded out and now Ruth stepped into the batter's box amidst hoots, jeers and insults. Root's first pitch was a called strike and the noise increased. Ruth grinned, swung his bat loosely with his left hand while signaling one with his right. The next two pitches were balls, then a second called strike. Now Ruth signaled two and waved derisively at the Cubs' bench. He and Root exchanged jibes.



AP PHOTO

Chicago Pitcher Charlie Root (above) never cared much for the notion that Babe Ruth (below) "called" his fifth inning home run in Game 3 of the '32 Series. After all, it was Ruth's second home run of the game and the longest ever hit at Wrigley Field. Ruth, however, seemed to enjoy the controversial aftermath, almost as much as he enjoyed the homer itself.



INTERNATIONAL NEWS PHOTO

Root threw again, a changeup curve on the outside part of the plate and Ruth drove it to the deepest part of centerfield. Johnny Moore, the Chicago centerfielder, started back, then looked up as the ball soared high above him and into the stands. Ruth circled the bases, laughing, clasping his hands overhead, taunting the entire Cubs' bench. In his box near home plate, the Democratic candidate for President, Franklin D. Roosevelt, enjoyed the scene.

Largely overlooked is the fact that Gehrig hit the very next offering from Root for a splendid home run of his own. That was it for Root as the Yankees went on to win the third game 7–5.

But, did Ruth point to center before the home run? Charlie Root always vigorously denied it. Years later, when a movie was being made about Babe Ruth, the people in Hollywood wanted Root to play himself in the Wrigley Field scene. "Is the movie going to have Ruth pointing to centerfield?" he asked. The answer, of course, was yes. Root told Hollywood to get lost.

Even later, Ford Frick, who was to become commissioner of baseball, asked Ruth if he really had called the shot. "It's in the papers," Ruth said. "Why don't you just read the papers. It's all right there."

So it is, and so it will be, forever.

* *BABE* BY ROBERT W. CREAMER, SIMON AND SCHUSTER, NEW YORK, 1974, P. 260

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1946
ENOS SLAUGHTER

When the 1946 Series between the St. Louis Cardinals and the Boston Red Sox began, Enos Bradsher Slaughter, called Country by many, was 30 years old and winding up the sixth season of what would eventually be a significant 19-year career. The Cardinal rightfielder had hit an even .300 that year, which incidentally proved to be his lifetime batting average. Slaughter was a tough, aggressive ballplayer, a throwback to the Cardinals' famous Gas House Gang of the 1930s.

The Cardinals and the Red Sox split the first six games of the Series and the decider was played in St. Louis' Sportsmen's Park on October 15. Slaughter had performed well, hitting .327, better than two more noted players, Stan Musial and Ted Williams. The Cards scored twice in the fifth inning to take a 3–1 lead, and when the Sox came to bat in the top of the eighth, it was still 3–1. With two men on base and two out, Dom DiMaggio doubled off the right centerfield wall to tie the score; but, rounding first base, DiMaggio twisted an ankle and, upon limping into second, had to retire in favor of a pinch runner, Leon Culberson, a misfortune that would prove important a few minutes later. Williams popped out to end the Boston eighth, and when the Cardinals came to bat, Culberson, not DiMaggio, was in centerfield.

Slaughter was the Cardinal leadoff batter and he singled to center. The next two batters went out quietly, Slaughter still on first. But Harry Walker, the St. Louis leftfielder, hit a line drive over Second Baseman Bobby Doerr's head and Slaughter was on his way. Culberson cut the ball off before it could get between him and Rightfielder Wally Moses and threw to Shortstop Johnny Pesky. Knowing Culberson did not have DiMaggio's arm, Pesky had ventured a bit further into the outfield than he normally would have and when he whirled around, the scene was not what he would have imagined. Slaughter was not pulling discreetly into third base but barreling right past. Pesky hesitated a fatal split second, then threw toward home, but the ball was up in the line toward third and Slaughter slid safely across the plate.

Lost in the memory of Slaughter's mad dash is that the first two Red Sox hitters in the ninth singled. Pinky Higgins, trying to sacrifice hit, forced one runner at second, but the tying run moved to third. Had Roy Partee been able to get that runner home, Slaughter's achievement might have been lost forever; but, Partee fouled out to Musial at first and the next batter grounded out to end the game. Slaughter's heroics had won the 1946 World Series for the Cardinals.

One piece of trivia: It is repeatedly said that Slaughter scored from first base on a single. Wrong. Harry Walker went to second base on his hit and was credited with a double.

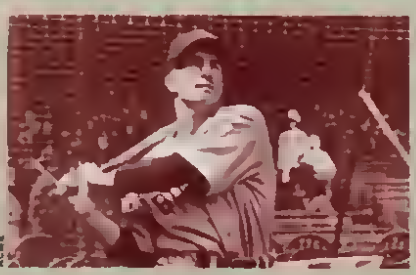
1947
COOKIE LAVAGETTO
AL GIONFRIDDO

In the 1947 Series the New York Yankees faced the Brooklyn Dodgers, a combination that would be repeated five times in the next nine years and would involve many of the same characters: Yogi Berra, Phil Rizzuto and Allie Reynolds for the Yanks, Pee Wee Reese, Jackie Robinson and Carl Furillo for the Dodgers. The Yankees, as they were inclined to do, came out fast, winning the first two games and, spotting the Dodgers a 6–0 lead, almost rallied to win the third, losing 9–8. In Game 4, played October 3 in Brooklyn's Ebbets Field, the Yankees started Floyd Bevens, a tall, 30-year-old righthander with an unspectacular 7–13 record that year, which was to prove his last in the majors.

The Yankees took an early 2–0 lead, but the Dodgers cut it to 2–1 on a pair of walks, a sacrifice and a fielder's choice. No hits involved. In fact, no hits at all, as the innings went by. Suddenly, Bevens was taking the mound for the bottom of the ninth with a chance to become the first pitcher in history to throw a World Series no-hitter. A sloppy one, true, what with eight walks and a run yielded, but still a no-hitter.

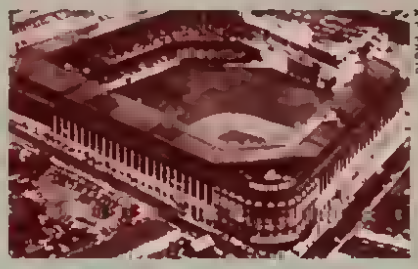
Bevens got the first man, but he walked Furillo. Then he got the second man out on a pop foul to the first baseman. With that, Dodger Manager Burt

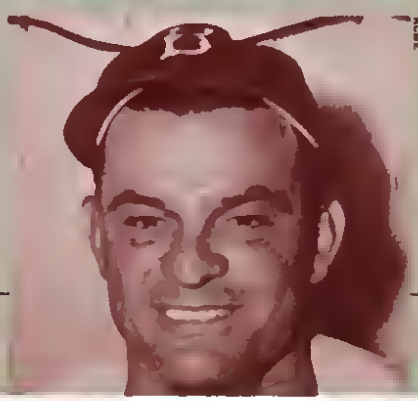




Enos Slaughter's aggressive dash from first to home in the eighth inning of the seventh game of the '46 Series (top left) gave the St. Louis Cardinals a 4–3 lead and, ultimately, the world championship. But if Slaughter was the gazelle of the Series, then Boston Shortstop Johnny Pesky (below left) was the goat. His delayed, off-target throw helped Slaughter score.

Ebbets Field (top right) no longer stands, but the memory of the heroes who played there will last for as long as there is a Brooklyn. One of those heroes was Cookie Lavagetto (below right), whose two-out, two-run double in the bottom of the ninth in Game 4 of the '47 Series beat New York 3–2 and spoiled Yankee Pitcher Floyd (Bill) Bevens' bid for a sloppy, no-hit win.





Shotton sent Pete Reiser up to hit for Pitcher Hugh Casey and had Al Gionfriddo, a reserve outfielder, run for Furillo. For a man of limited ability, Gionfriddo had a remarkable impact on this Series, as we shall see. He began by stealing second, sliding in ahead of Berra's weak throw. Now it was Yankee Manager Bucky Harris who made a move. Challenging accepted baseball dogma, he ordered Reiser walked intentionally, putting the winning run on first.

Back to Shotton. He replaced Reiser with the swift Eddie Miksis and sent up Gookie Lavagetto to hit for Eddie Stanky. Lavagetto was 34 and had come to bat only 69 times in 1947. His playing career was nearly over. Like so many players of his day, he had lost four good years because of World War II. In 1941, age 28, he had hit .300 for Brooklyn. He was 33 when he got out of the Navy in 1946.

Bevens threw and Lavagetto swung and missed. But, when Bevens threw again, there was a crack as the ball headed toward rightfield. The Yanks' Tommy Henrich raced over and leaped, but the ball caroomed off the wall. Running with two outs, Gionfriddo and Miksis scored easily, Miksis sliding across home plate more out of delight than necessity. The Dodgers had won the game 3–2 and had evened the Series at 2–2.

That was to be Lavagetto's last major league hit. The next day, with the Dodgers losing 2–1 and the tying run on second with two out, Shotton called on Gookie once again. This time he struck out.

Like Lavagetto, Al Gionfriddo, a left-handed outfielder, was winding up a career, which, had it not been for the '47 Series, would not have been noticed by anyone outside the Gionfriddo family. In fact, his Brooklyn experience was confined to a mere 37 games in which he hit .177. He had come up with the Pirates during the war years and had seen limited play in three seasons before being traded to Brooklyn along with $100,000 for five players, the most noteworthy of whom, in retrospect, was Gene Mauch, a .239 hitter later to become an outstanding baseball manager.

In Game 6, Gionfriddo was at his usual station, the bench, when the sixth inning began. The Dodgers were losing the Series 3–2 and the game 5–4, having blown a 4–0 lead. But then an explosion of singles and doubles produced four more runs and the Dodgers had themselves an 8–5 lead as they took the field at Yankee Stadium for the bottom of the sixth. And, one of those Dodgers taking the field was Gionfriddo, replacing Eddie Miksis in left, the same Miksis who had scored behind him two days earlier to beat Floyd Bevens.

George Stirnweiss, who won the 1945 batting title at .309, one of the lowest averages ever to win and who died tragically in a train accident in 1956, walked with one out. When Berra singled with two outs, the tying run was at the plate in the person of Joe DiMaggio, then 32, just off a slightly substandard .315 season, but still very much Joltin' Joe.

DiMaggio, batting against lefthander Joe Hatten, hit a pitch deep toward the left-centerfield bullpen. Furillo, playing center, had no chance, being of little speed, but Gionfriddo was off and running, losing his cap in the process. As the ball descended, destined to clear the bullpen railing by a couple of feet, Gionfriddo nearly overran the drive, twisting around and catching the ball, then bracing himself against the railing with his left hand. DiMaggio, nearly at second, kicked at the dirt in frustration. The score was still 8–5 Dodgers.

As in Slaughter's dash to the plate a year before, nothing of consequence happened to diminish the importance of Gionfriddo's game-saving catch. The Yankees nearly won the game anyway, scoring once in the ninth and getting the winning run to the plate before subsiding. Give the man—and his team—their moment. The next day in Game 7 they showed the Dodgers that *despite* Lavagetto, *despite* Gionfriddo, they were still the Yankees, winning 5–2 to take the Series four games to three.

1954
DUSTY RHODES

Ask the folks in Hopkinsville, Des Moines, Grand Rapids and Rock Hill and they could tell you one thing





In Game 6 of the '47 Series Yankee star Joe DiMaggio (below) hit a long drive with two on, caught at the fence by Dodger Leftfielder Al Gionfriddo (left), and his team lost to Brooklyn 8–6. In Game 1 of the '54 Series Giant Pinch-hitter Dusty Rhodes (right) hit a short drive with two on, barely clearing the fence, and his team beat Cleveland 5–2. Funny game, baseball.





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about James Lamar Rhodes, Dusty by nickname. He could hit. He was no DiMaggio in the outfield, no Robinson on the basepaths, but he could swing the bat. During six years in the minors he was a .300 hitter and after a sputtering start with the New York Giants, he had hit .341 in 1954, much of it as a pinch-hitter. When the Giants won the pennant that year and took on the Cleveland Indians at New York's Polo Grounds, Rhodes was ready.

Dusty might never have played in Game 1 had it not been for Willie Mays, who made perhaps the most sensational catch in Series history, if not the most vital. In the eighth inning with two runners on and no one out, Vic Wertz slammed a drive toward deepest centerfield, but Mays, his back to the plate, made an over-the-shoulder catch in the manner of a wide receiver taking a long pass for a touchdown. That catch kept the score at 2–2, where it remained through the top of the ninth.

After the Indians had gone out, Mays again contributed to Rhodes' heroics by walking with one out and stealing second. With that, the Indians walked Hank Thompson, the Giants' third baseman, hoping they could get Monty Irvin to hit into a double play. But the Giants' manager, Leo Durocher, countered by using old Dusty, a lefthanded batter, to pinch-hit against the righthanded Bob Lemon.

Rhodes swung at the first pitch and hit what in virtually every other ballpark in the country, majors or minors, would have been a lazy fly ball to right, close to the foul pole, which was only 257 feet from home plate. Cleveland Rightfielder Dave Pope leaped high, but the ball carried to the front row of seats. Home run, game over, Giants win 5–2 and take a 1–0 Series lead. In the box score Dusty had hit the ball 500 feet!

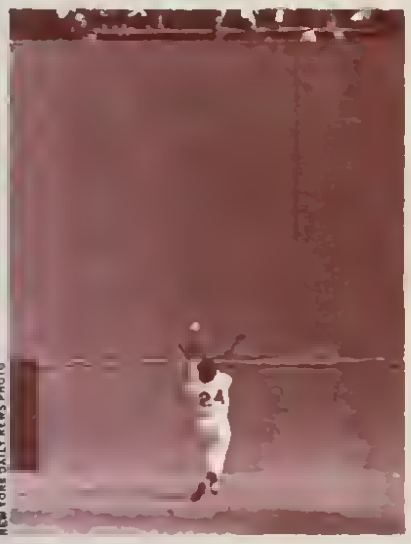
When Game 2 began the next afternoon, Rhodes was again on the bench. Through four innings the Indians, with Early Wynn pitching, led 1–0. But, in the fifth, Mays again led off with a walk and this time Thompson singled him to third. Irvin again. No, Rhodes again, Durocher deciding history deserved repeating. Dusty hit the ball to center for a single, scoring Mays and sending Thompson around to third, where he later scored on a fielder's choice. Giants lead 2–1.

Sensing a good thing, Durocher kept Rhodes in the game. The score was still 2–1 when Dusty batted in the bottom of the seventh. With Wynn still pitching, Rhodes drove the ball off the rightfield facade for a home run. Neither team scored again and the Giants won 3–1 to take a 2–0 Series lead.

The only difference between Game 3 and the first two is that it was played in Cleveland and Rhodes struck sooner. The Giants were leading 1–0 in the third when the Indians intentionally walked Thompson to get to Irvin. Possibly they didn't think Durocher would go to Rhodes so early. Oh, but he did. And on the first pitch Dusty singled to center, driving in two runs. When the inning was over, the Giants led 4–0 and they eventually won easily, 6–2.

And on the fourth day he rested. Dusty might have gotten still another shot at glory when the Giants, already leading 3–0, started another rally in the fifth. But, with the bases loaded, Hal Newhouser, a lefty, came in for Lemon. Newhouser walked in a run and Durocher decided to let the righthanded-hitting Irvin bat for himself. Clearly, this was a Series in which Durocher could do no wrong. Irvin singled, the Giants led 5–0 and went on to win the Series without any additional services from Dusty Rhodes.

After the Series it was all downhill for Rhodes. His batting average dropped dramatically—.305, .217, .205. He played one season when the Giants moved to San Francisco, hit .188 with no home runs. And then he was gone. But he would always have the memory of 1954.



The New York Giants' Dusty Rhodes (below) and the Brooklyn Dodgers' Sandy Amoros (right) both typify the great Series tradition that lets bit players become big stars. Rhodes led the '54 sweep of Cleveland with key hits in three games. Amoros contributed to all four wins over the Yankees in '55, including a catch and throw that saved two runs in the 2–0 clincher.

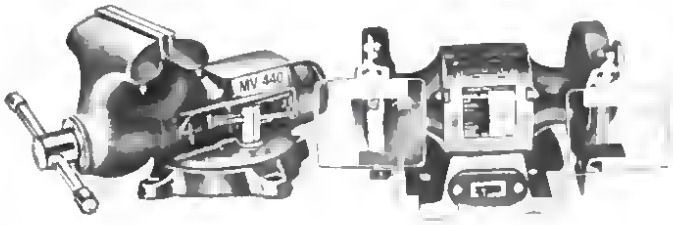




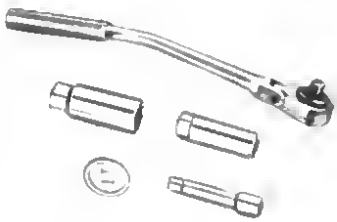
1955

SANDY AMOROS

Mention the name Sandy Amoros and the mind leaps quickly to his catch in the final game of the 1955 World Series, a play which, along with the superb pitching of Johnny Podres, gave the Brooklyn Dodgers their first world championship, victory at last over the New York Yankees. We shall get to that catch in a moment, but first







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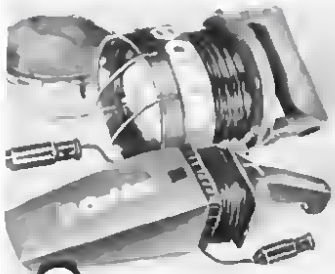
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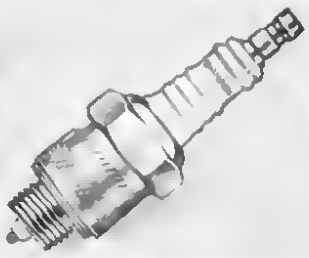
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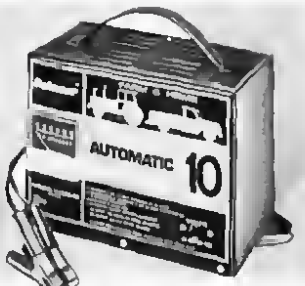
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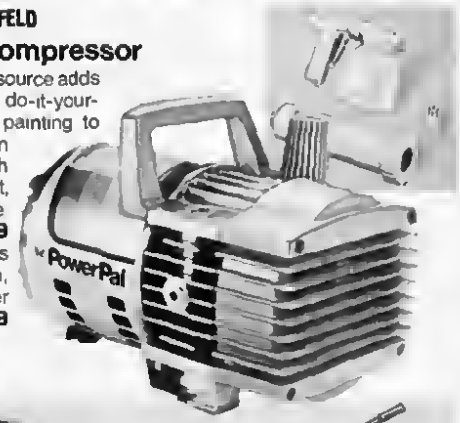
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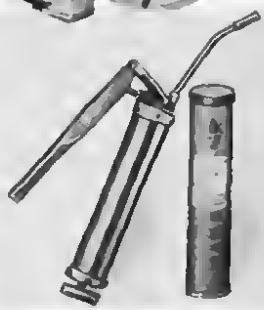
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it might be wise to correct the impression that Amoros was merely a shadowy figure during that Series, a player whose sole contribution was that one defensive play.

For two games Amoros sat on the bench as Junior Gilliam played leftfield, Don Zimmer second base. The Dodgers lost both. When the Series moved to Brooklyn, Dodger Manager Walt Alston switched Gilliam to second and put Amoros in leftfield, batting him just ahead of the pitcher which, considering his lifetime .258 batting average, was about right. Amoros' first contribution to the Dodger cause was to allow a Bob Turley pitch to hit him on the right thigh. He scored moments later to put Brooklyn ahead 4–2. Later he walked twice, then singled to drive in the final run in an 8–3 victory.

In Game 4 Amoros walked and scored the Dodgers first run as they rallied to beat New York 8–5. But it was in Game 5 that he produced his major offensive blow. With two out and a runner on base in the second inning, score 0–0, Amoros powered a home run over the rightfield screen in Ebbets Field to give the Dodgers a lead they never relinquished.

We now jump to Game 7 at Yankee Stadium, the game the Yankees would surely win because they had always beaten Brooklyn in the World Series—five straight times since 1941. Amoros was back where he began the Series—the bench—Gilliam in left, Zimmer at second. The Dodgers scored a run in the fourth and another in the sixth to lead 2–0, as Podres pitched beautifully. After the Dodgers scored that run in the sixth, Alston switched Gilliam to second and sent Amoros to left.

Those who felt Yankee victory was inevitable knew the moment had come when Billy Martin walked to start the sixth and Gil McDougald beat out a bunt. That brought Yogi Berra to the plate and surely he would hit a home run to give New York the lead. Instead, he hit a high curving flyball down the leftfield line, where the box seats were only a foot or two away. Amoros, shaded toward centerfield for the lefthanded hitting Berra, raced over but apparently had little chance. At least that's what McDougald thought. He ran to second and made his turn toward third. Martin could afford to be more cautious, for if the ball fell he could dance home. But, as Amoros neared the box seats he reached out with his gloved

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right hand and caught the ball. Or maybe the ball fell into it. In any case, Amoros had it. He then threw to Shortstop Pee Wee Reese who had come down the leftfield line a bit and Reese threw a perfect strike to Gil Hodges at first to double up McDougald. The Yankee rally had been aborted and when Hank Bauer grounded out, the inning was over. The Yankees had one more chance, Berra again up with two men on, but this time he popped to short right. In the ninth the Yankees went out in order and the Dodgers had their first Series victory. To paraphrase one headline the next day, Sandy had indeed been dandy.

1956 DON LARSEN

The '56 Series was the sixth and final Yankee-Dodger confrontation over the 10-year span that began in 1947. When the two teams met the next time, in 1963, the Dodgers had moved from Brooklyn to Los Angeles. The '56 battle was a mirror image of '55, home teams winning every game until the last, when the visitors broke through to take the Series.

So it was that, with the Series starting at Ebbets Field, Sal Maglie bested Whitey Ford 6–3 and the Dodgers rallied from a 6–0 hole to beat the Yankees 13–8. The pitcher handed that handsome lead was Don Larsen, a tall, 27-year-old righthander who had come to New York the season before in a—count 'em—17-player deal with Baltimore. In two years of careful handling by Yankee Manager Casey Stengel, Larsen had won 20, lost 9. He was not charged with the second game loss, but it had not been a noteworthy performance—four walks and a hit in an inning and two-thirds.

The Yankees won the next two games at Yankee Stadium so that the Series was tied at 2–2 for Game 5, played on October 8th. Maglie was back for Brooklyn, Larsen for New York. For three innings both men pitched perfect baseball, although in the second inning, Jackie Robinson had been thrown out when his rocket toward third had caroomed off Andy Carey's glove directly to Shortstop Gil McDougald, whose throw to first nipped Robinson. If you had to bet which perfect game would have continued, most of the 64,519 fans present would have bet on Maglie, Sal the Barber. After so many years of pitching for the hated Giants, Maglie had been sold to the Dodgers in May of that season and had gone 13–5. Late in September, as the Dodgers were battling Milwaukee and San Francisco for the pennant, Maglie had tossed a no-hitter against Philadelphia, so the focus of attention in the early innings was on him.

Larsen set the Dodgers down in order in the fourth. Maglie got Yogi Berra and Joe Collins, but Mickey Mantle, batting lefthanded against the righthander, stroked a line drive that, while curving, just got inside the foul pole in the Stadium's short rightfield. The Yanks led 1–0 and now only Larsen had a perfect game going.

In the fifth, all three Dodger batters nailed the ball. The closest to a hit was Sandy Amoros, who nearly duplicated Mantle's drive, but Umpire Ed Runge called it foul. Then Amoros tapped out to end the inning. The sixth was a snap and the Yankees scored an insurance run on three singles. In the seventh Junior Gilliam nearly had a hit on a shot to short, but McDougald took the ball on a short hop and threw him out. In the eighth Gil Hodges hit a low line drive toward left, but Carey at third speared the ball. Still no hits, still perfect.

But, with the ninth came the total realization that all Larsen had to do was what he had already done eight times: set down the side in order. Carl Furillo, after what seemed like an eternity of fouling off the ball, flied to Hank Bauer in right. Roy Campanella grounded to Billy Martin at second. Now it was Maglie's turn, but of course the pitcher was replaced by a pinch-hitter, Dale Mitchell, a lefthanded batter who had joined the Dodgers from Cleveland in midseason. He had played in only 19 games, batting .292.

Mitchell took a ball outside, then a called strike. He swung and missed at the third pitch and fouled off the fourth. He started to swing at Larsen's next, then held back. Umpire Babe Pinelli's right arm shot up calling it strike three and the perfect game was over.

Surely you have seen what Berra did, running toward the mound and leaping into Larsen's arms as the rest of the Yankee team surrounded them. It had

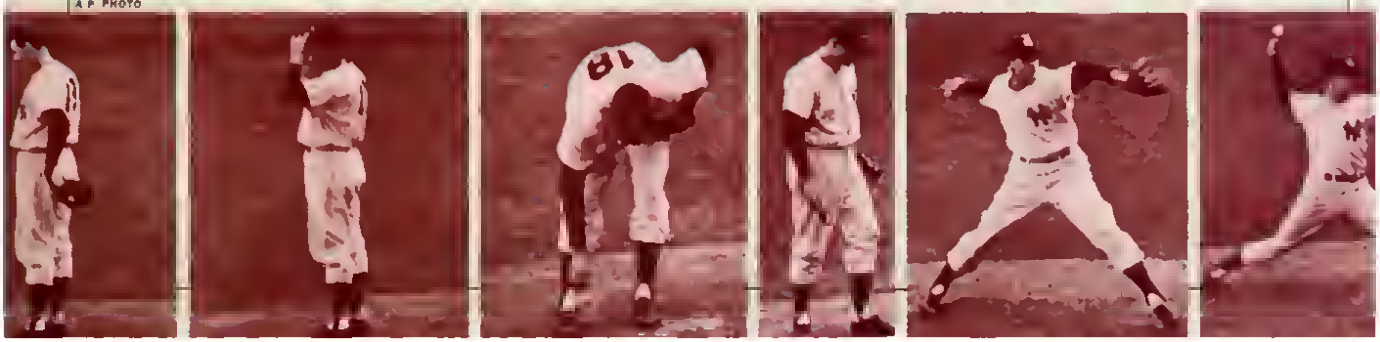


A P PHOTO

In 1956 Sal Maglie (left) was the loser and Dale Mitchell (right) the last out in the finest Series drama ever. Brooklyn trailed New York 2–0 with two out in the ninth inning of Game 5 when Mitchell, a pinch-hitter, was sent in to hit for Maglie. With the count 1–2, Don Larsen threw his 97th pitch (below), a called third strike that ended the only perfect game in World Series history.


A P PHOTO

A P PHOTO



taken Larsen precisely 2 hours 6 minutes and 97 pitches to place his name in baseball history. The next day Duke Snider singled in the first inning to break the Dodger famine. Brooklyn won Game 6 in 10 innings, 1–0, but the Yankees, behind Johnny Kucks' shutout, won the deciding seventh game, 9–0.

1960
BILL MAZEROSKI

Just as Bobby Thomson is remembered for his home run that won the pennant for the New York Giants in 1951, Bill Mazeroski will always be famous for the blast over the leftfield wall at Forbes Field in Pittsburgh that brought the 1960 World Series to an abrupt ending, the Pirates beating the Yankees in the seventh game 10–9. It was, in point of fact, the only Series ever to end with a home run.

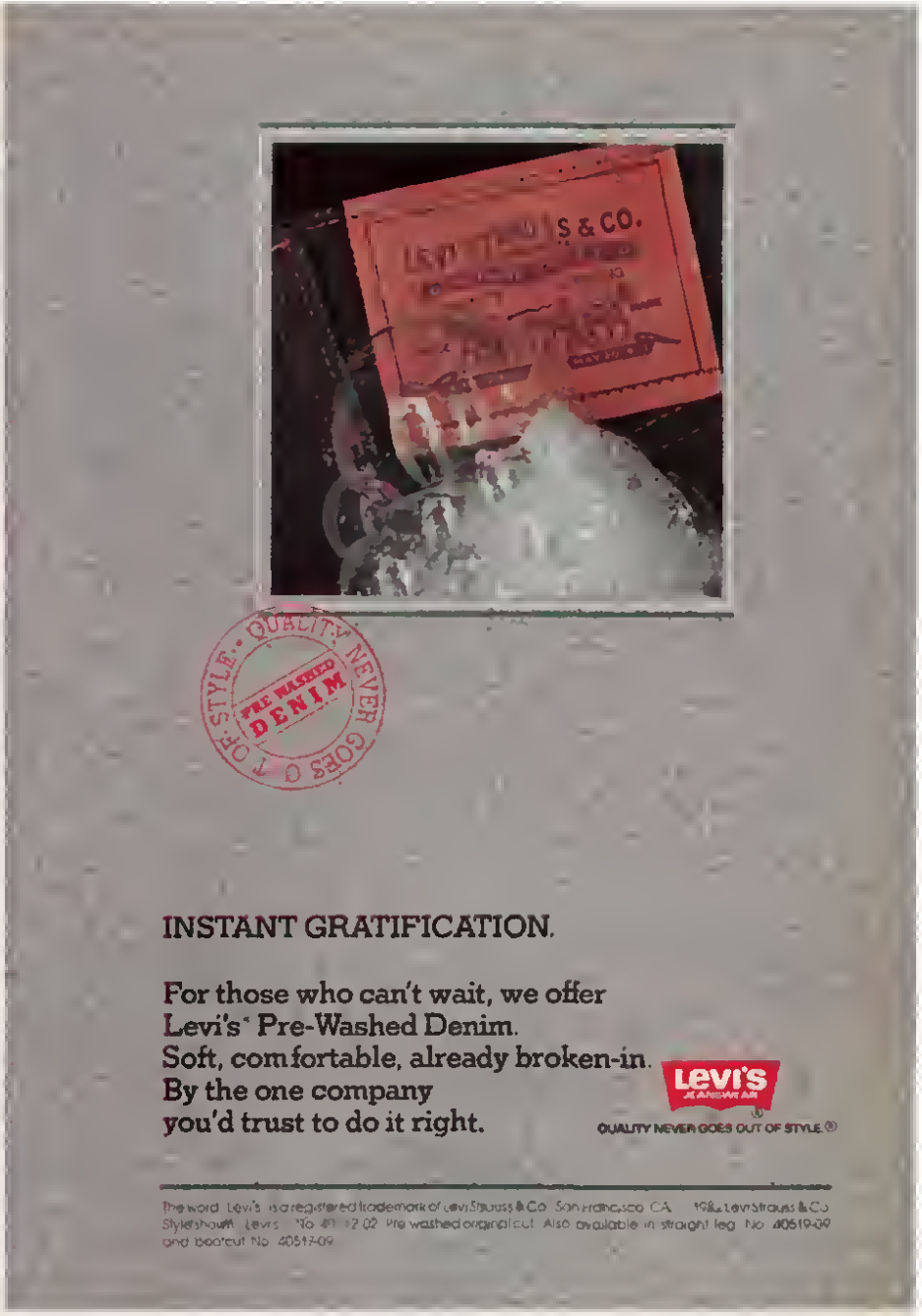
The '60 Series was a topsy-turvy affair and the final game was a microcosm of the six that had come before it. The Yankees were, indeed, the Bronx Bombers, the Pirates bothersome gnats, sniping way, scratching here and there for runs. The Yankees had produced innings of seven runs, six runs, five runs and four and had scored 16 runs in one game, 10 in another and 12 in a third, but in between the pesky Pirates had won 6–4, 3–2 and 5–2.

Going into the final game, Mazeroski was having a splendid Series. He had contributed a two-run homer in the 6–4 win and a two-run double when the Pirates won 5–2. At second base, as usual, he was flawless.

The seventh game was the wildest in Series history. The Pirates scored twice in the first inning and twice in the second, Mazeroski beating out a bunt in the second and scoring. But, in the sixth, the Yanks, trailing 4–1, scored four times to take the lead, the crusher being a Yogi Berra home run to right, scoring two runners ahead of him. When New York added two more runs in the eighth to make it 7–4, it seemed as if the inevitable was happening.

But, in the bottom of the eighth came the kind of break the Pirates seemed to get all season and they were quick to jump on it. With a runner on first and no one out, Bill Virdon hit what looked like a double-play ball to short, but the ball took a wickedly erratic hop and struck Shortstop Tony Kubek in the throat. Both runners were safe and poor Kubek had to be taken to the hospital. Groat then singled home a run, but the Yankees seemed to be out of the inning when, with runners on second and third, two out and still only one run in, Roberto Clemente hit a chopper to first. However, when Pitcher Jim Coates was slow in covering, Clemente beat him to the bag. Virdon scored and it was 7–6 Yanks.

If the 1960 World Series is remembered for what Mazeroski did in the ninth, what Hal Smith did in the eighth is largely forgotten. Starting Catcher Smokey Burgess had been removed for a pinch-runner and Smith had taken over behind the plate just that inning. He was 29 and in the middle of an undistinguished career that would see him bat .267 and hit 58 home runs in 10 years. Also one World Series home run. Now, Coates threw and Smith drove the ball over the leftfield wall. That made it 9–7 Pittsburgh. In came Ralph Terry to get the final out. Pittsburgh had sent eight men to bat in the inning. The ninth man? Mazeroski.



To the Yankees' credit, they battled back. The key play came with one out, runners on first and third and the score now 9–8. Berra—didn't the man ever go quietly?—hit a shot down the first-base line that Rocky Nelson fielded well. He spun around, stepped on first and prepared to throw to second to get the runner, Mickey Mantle. But, Mantle had turned and was diving back to first. Nelson dived too, but Mantle was safe and McDougald scored from third to tie the game. Historians can argue the play forever. Should Nelson have thrown the ball to second as the start of a double play that would have ended the game? And, should Mantle have continued toward second, delaying the tag play long enough to allow McDougald to score? By diving back to first, he risked being tagged before McDougald could cross the plate

Bill Mazeroski is happy it all worked out the way it did. Leading off against Terry at the bottom of the ninth, he hit the second pitch deep to left. The Yankee outfielder drifted back, then turned and watched the ball sail out to give the Pirates the world championship. The outfielder's name? Yogi Berra.



MARVIN E. NEWMAN



AP PHOTO

In 1960 the Pirates' Bill Mazeroski beat New York with a ninth-inning, seventh-game home run and created a sensation (above and below). In 1977 the Yankees' Reggie Jackson (right) beat Los Angeles with three homers in the concluding sixth game and created a legend. Jackson had four homers in four straight official at bats and five—a record—in the Series.

1977

REGGIE JACKSON

The last time Reggie Jackson came to bat in Game 5 of the 1977 World Series, he hit a line drive to rightfield in Los Angeles' Dodger Stadium that hit the foul pole for a home run. No big deal in itself, because it only changed the score from 10–2 to 10–3, Los Angeles Dodgers ahead. But history will note it as a harbinger of things to come.

When the Series resumed two nights later, the scene was New York's Yankee Stadium, Game 6, the Yankees already leading three games to two. The first time Jackson came to bat, the Dodgers leading 2–0, he walked on four straight pitches which, as it developed, was one more pitch than he would see the rest of the night. Chris Chambliss then hit a long home run into the bleachers in right centerfield to tie the score.

When Reggie came to bat again, it was the fourth inning and the Dodgers had regained the lead, 3–2. Thurman Munson was on base, having singled and Burt Hooton was pitching. Hooton threw and Jackson lined the ball into the rightfield stands, a rifle shot that put the Yankees ahead 4–3. The Yankees then added another run to lead 5–3. An inning later, Jackson came up with one runner on and two out. Now Elias Sosa was on the mound for Los Angeles. Sosa threw his first pitch to Jackson and again the ball was on its way into the night, disappearing into the rigftfield stands, making it 7–3 and pretty much wrapping up the game and the Series for the Yankees.

So Jackson's last at bat was pure showmanship, pure theater. The crowd of 56,407 gave him a standing ovation as he led off the bottom of the eighth against Charlie Hough. Say what you will about Reggie Jackson, he loved the spotlight and at no time in his career was he more squarely in it than that cool October 18th night in New York City with the whole nation watching on national television.

Jackson swung at Hough's first pitch and hit what at first seemed to be a pop up, perhaps a fly ball to centerfield. There's a lot of room out there in Yankee Stadium. But this ball obviously had something behind it and it sailed some 450 feet into the deserted centerfield bleachers for a titanic home run. It was the third time a player had hit three home runs in one game in a World Series—Babe Ruth did it in 1926 and 1928—and the first time anyone had ever hit four home runs in four consecutive plate appearances, going back to the one he hit in his last at bat in Game 5, and *five* home runs in one Series—all hit on the first pitch. With that, a new name entered the baseball lexicon. Forever after, Reggie Jackson would be known as Mr. October. Babe Ruth would have loved it.

by GEORGE TENNEY



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When it comes to terrific-looking hair, the name of the game is control!

by Ralph Wiley



One of few to hit 300

Grambling Coach Eddie Robinson joins the elite with his latest win

Heavy, heavy was the atmosphere in the Grambling Tigers' locker room at halftime of last Saturday night's game at Florida A&M. The score was tied 14–14, but the Tigers appeared to be backsliding while the Rattlers had the momentum. Both teams knew what this game meant to the Grambling coach, 63-year-old Eddie Gay Robinson—a 300th victory that would lift him up there among the immortals. That fact placed the Tigers under tremendous pressure. Wingback Trumaine Johnson had his shoulder pads off and his head buried in his hands. Robinson's assistants argued heatedly among themselves. Overhead in Bragg Memorial Stadium, thousands of feet pounded out a beat on the stands' metal framework, and to its rhythm voices shouted, "Not in Tallahassee, Eddie, NOT IN TALLAHASSEE!"

But Robinson's serene face—his balding pate and cool eyes are the only clues to his age—was creased by a smile. He'd been here before, and he loved the feeling. Looking around the locker room, he said, addressing no one in particular, "They could have cleaned this place up." He quieted his team and coaches with a gesture and in a calm voice announced a plan. "All we have to do is throw shorter," he said to junior Quarterback Hollis Brent. "Hollis, they're tripling Trumaine. If you want to get him the ball, throw to Rufus [Split End Rufus Stevens] first. The 75 or 76 series will work. Throw on a five-step release. Now let's go."

Getting going wasn't quite that simple, of course. Grambling fell behind 21–14 a minute into the final quarter before Robinson's soft words came true. Then, in just over five minutes, Johnson scored three times, leading the 3–0 Tigers to a 43–21 win for the coach.

This latest—and sweetest—victory in Robinson's luminous 41-year career at Grambling was a good one, certainly not a cheap one. Florida A&M, now 2–1, was once the premier football power among predominately black colleges. And the Rattlers are well out of the doldrums that followed the departure of Jake Gaither, their legendary coach, in 1969. Coach Rudy Hubbard has won 65 games, while losing 26, since coming to Florida A&M from Ohio State in 1974.

"Youngsters like Rudy ensure the profession," Robinson said before last week's game. "They make better coaches out of us old guys." Hubbard, 36, returned the compliment—sort of. "Certainly, Eddie Robinson's been an inspiration to me. He stands for everything a man should stand for," he said. "What do we owe him? Our greatest effort to beat him."

Grambling foes have felt that way since 1942, Robinson's second season at the small school (enrollment then: 900; now: 4,200) located between Shreveport and Monroe in the boot top of Louisiana. Robinson grew up in south Baton Rouge, and at now defunct Leland College had been a single wing tailback and passer. By the time he graduated, he had a strong desire to coach.

"I was working at a feed mill," Robinson recalls. "My wife Doris' sisters knew the family of the Grambling president, Dr. Ralph W.E. Jones. That's how I got to meet him, and that's how I got the job."

Robinson was 22 years old when he came to Grambling. His only assistant was the school's night watchman. In 1941, the Tigers went 3–5. The next season they were undefeated (9–0), untied and unscored upon. It has been pretty much that way ever since.

"I would never say which was the best team or who was the best player," says Robinson. "Why make 11 men happy and 7,000 mad? Ernie Ladd would say the '60 team was tops because of the future pros. There was Ladd, Buck Buchanan, Willie Brown, Lane Howell, Mike Howell, Preston Powell, Jamie Caleb, Goldie Sellers, Garland Boyette." Grambling's list goes on and on from there; 205 players coached by Robinson have played in the NFL. They were Robinson's main legacy until last week, when he joined Bear Bryant (318), Amos Alonzo Stagg (314) and Pop Warner (313) as the fourth member of the exclusive 300 club.

Collie Nicholson, the Grambling publicist for 31 years and now the p.r. man for the Southwestern Athletic Conference, says the secret of Robinson's success is that he "gets satisfaction out of turning out finished products. He's the only man I know who'll go out to a restaurant, diagram plays on napkins and then keep the napkins."

continued

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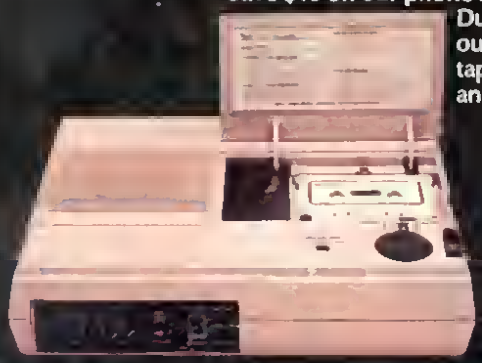
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"Eddie's the father of athletics at Grambling," says Tiger Basketball Coach Fred Hobdy. "He likes walk-ons. He can make something out of very little."

Johnson, the wingback, is the latest distillation of the Robinson ethic. Lightly recruited and primarily a basketball player in high school in Baker, La., Johnson plays the position in Robinson's beloved wing T once manned by the likes of Charlie Joiner, Frank Lewis and Sammy White. "I came to Grambling to see how good I could be," he says. Told that Robinson, not one given to overpraise, had called him "the most exciting flanker in football," Johnson, who has scored six TDs this season, said, "That was nice of him, but I haven't done anything lately."



The coach foresaw heroics by Johnson.

All Johnson did against Florida A&M was ensure that there would be a postgame celebration. The Rattlers had punched across the go-ahead touchdown early in the fourth quarter, but at that point Grambling's offense, Eddie Robinson's wisdom and Trumaine Johnson took over. Brent completed two quick slants to Stevens and then found Johnson in the right corner of the end zone for a 13-yard touchdown and a 21–21 tie.

Slightly more than a minute later, A&M had to punt. Johnson, a sleek 6′ 2″, 190-pounder with 4.37 speed in the 40, took the ball at his own 36, feinted straight ahead, turned left toward the sideline and zipped off for a 64-yard touchdown return that was breathtaking in its swiftness. A two-point conversion off a busted extra point ran Grambling's lead to 29–21. After one more Rattler series, Johnson was in the end zone again, taking a 20-yard strike from Brent for an insurmountable 36–21 lead.

"I wasn't giving up at halftime," said Johnson. "I was thinking about Eddie Robinson, about how much he deserved this."

Next year Robinson and the Tigers will move into a new $7.5 million on-campus stadium with an initial capacity of 27,000, which they hope will soon be increased to 43,000. The crowd at Bragg was 22,127, largest in that facility's history, but small now by Grambling standards. The Tigers had drawn 43,333 at Shreveport's Independence Stadium the week before against Alcorn State for Robinson's 299th victory.

"Rob thinks if you block and tackle, everything else in life will fall into place," says Nicholson. "He changed black college football. He brought it out of the boondocks to the major stadiums in the world."

It would have been improper, somehow, for Robinson's 300th victory to have come in Aloha Stadium in Honolulu, or Yankee Stadium, or Shea, or the Silverdome, the Astrodome, the Superdome, the Rose Bowl, or the L.A. Coliseum—all of them places where his Tigers have performed. Number 300 came against old rivals in old haunts. It was better this way. The wetness on Robinson's cheeks in the meeting room afterward was not from champagne.

"I'm a crier," he said. "I can't hold it back. I owe so much to so many. We came back, showed the character you need in life. With work you can make outstanding people out of ordinary guys. They raised me up on their shoulders tonight, but Monday or Tuesday they'll be mad with me again. I couldn't tell the players anything after the game, nothing but thank you."

When all he said was "thank you," heads were buried in hands again as they had been at halftime—but now for altogether different reasons.

THE WEEK

by ALEXANDER WOLFF

SOUTHWEST "We had our at bats but struck out," said Oklahoma Coach Barry Switzer after the Sooners lost to Southern Cal 12–0 with a Punch-and-Judy ground game that gained just 43 yards. Oklahoma went 0 for 4 in the first half from inside the USC 30. And the whitewash hurled by the Trojan defense was the first shutout the Sooners had suffered in an NCAA-record 181 games. Southern Cal now holds the longest current streak of games in which they've scored, with 169. USC's two touchdowns came on a one-yard Sean Salisbury pass following a shanked Sooner punt and on a quarterback-to-tailback-to-flanker-to-split-end flea-flicker that ended with Split End Jeff Simmons cradling Flanker Timmy White's 67-yard TD pass.

Herkie Walls, Texas' 5′ 8″, 154-pound wide receiver and former Southwest Conference indoor sprint champion, feigned disappointment after his 80-yard dash on an end-around gave the Longhorns their first score in a 21–0 defeat of Missouri. "Hell, I'm supposed to be faster than that," said Walls after being told that he took 13 seconds to reach the end zone. Tailback Darryl Clark had 128 yards on 26 carries, and the Texas defense jarred Mizzou into losing four fumbles.

Arkansas Coach Lou Holtz had scheduled Mississippi because he wanted to keep the Arkansas-Texas game from looming so big in the eyes of the Hog faithful—not because he expected a breather. "I've never been so limp after a game," said Holtz, who had just watched Ole Miss nearly tie—and then nearly beat—the Razorbacks. After the Rebels had pulled within two points of Arkansas, at 14–12, a bold defensive stunt stopped Ole Miss Tailback Andre (Hammerhead) Thomas on a sweep for a two-point conversion. Later, after a 15-yard penalty against the Hogs for having 12 men on the field put Ole Miss at the Razorback 30, Reb Kicker Todd Gatlin sent a 48-yard field goal attempt wide with :01 left. So it remained, 14–12. Arkansas Quarterback Billy Taylor threw for one score and ran for another in his first start.

SMU, a 22-point favorite, had just one pass completion, for seven yards, in struggling past TCU 16–13. Could the Ponies be running too much? "Sure, we run all the time," snapped Coach Bobby Collins. "But we don't run in the same spot. We go around end, off tackle, over guard, up the middle. Anybody who says we're predictable has problems." The Horned Frogs had theirs with SMU's variety at the tailback spot. Eric Dickerson ran for 160 yards on 27 carries and two TDs, Craig James carried 22 times for 122 yards.

continued


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Texas A&M Quarterback Gary Kubiak threw for three touchdowns and ran for another in the Aggies' 38–27 defeat of Louisiana Tech; Baylor edged Texas Tech 24–23; and Houston romped past Lamar 48–3.

MIDWEST "I feel sorry for Tony," said Illini Coach Mike White, lamenting the fate of his quarterback, Tony Eason, who suffered five interceptions and nine sacks in Illinois' 20–3 loss to Pitt. "It was like he was in a revolving door." The game—and Eason—turned abruptly on a single play early in the second quarter. Leading 3–0, Illinois had a first down at the Pitt two when Eason tried to throw a pass away. He apparently mistook 6′ 3″, 255-pound Panther Defensive Tackle Dave (Freak of Nature) Puzzuoli for the right sideline, and Puzzuoli rumbled 95 yards with the interception for a score, thanks to a block from his 6′ 1″, 251-pound linemate, J.C. Pelusi. "There were 12 minutes left in the second quarter when he intercepted it and eight left when he got to the end zone," said Pelusi. Pitt Linebacker Yogi Jones, who is stronger than the average bear, had 14 tackles, and Quarterback Dan Marino was 18 of 35 for 215 yards and a TD—but threw four interceptions.

Ahead 20–16 at home with barely 2½ minutes left against Stanford, Ohio State had the ball and no reason to pass. Yet the Buckeyes did, twice, and both times a Cardinal intercepted. Stanford took the second interception—of a Mike Tomczak throw on second-and-12 from the Cardinal 27—80 yards on seven passes by Quarterback John Elway to pull out a 23–20 victory. Coach Earle Bruce took the blame for the decisive interception, saying, "I called it. It was a bad call. But you can't have four interceptions and two fumbles and win." Elway, who was 35 of 63 for 407 yards, threw two scoring passes, his second an 18-yard strike to Wide Receiver Emile Harry with :34 remaining to cap the final Cardinal drive. As Elway rolled left, Halfback Mike Dotterer ran the wrong pattern and Harry simply vacated Dotterer's area and headed for the right corner of the end zone. No one was within 10 yards of him. "It's a lot like hitting a home run with two out in the bottom of the ninth," said Elway, an outfield prospect in the New York Yankee farm system who will soon have to choose between pro football and baseball. "Right now football is so much fun. And I don't think anyone will want to see me in Columbus anymore."

"At this point a win is almost as important to me as getting my diploma," said Northwestern Cornerback Roosevelt Groves, an industrial and nuclear engineering major, before the Wildcats put their NCAA-record 34-game losing streak on the line against Northern Illinois. Behind Running Back Ricky Edwards' four touchdowns—and despite Northern supporters bearing KEEP IT ALIVE WITH 35 buttons—Northwestern ended its three-year nightmare 31–6. The win was the 'Cats' first since beating Wyoming 27–22 on Sept. 15, 1979, and Coach Dennis Green's first since coming to Evanston in 1980.

"He's someone who spreads fear in me," said Notre Dame Coach Gerry Faust of Purdue's Scott Campbell, the Boilermakers' spoilermaker quarterback, after the Irish had rallied for two second-half scores to win 28–14. Faust was alluding to last season, when Campbell threw for a late TD and two-point conversion to upset the Irish 15–14, and to last Saturday's first half. Fullback Larry Moriarty rushed for two TDs to give Notre Dame a 14–0 lead, but Campbell threw two scoring passes—part of a 15-for-18 first-half effort—to pull Purdue into a tie. "I thought we definitely had the momentum heading into the locker room," said Boilermaker Coach Leon Burtnett. But Irish Tailback Phil Carter, pressed into extra duty because his alternate, Greg Bell, had fractured his right fibula in the first half, gained 115 yards and scored two TDs in the second half. Carter finished with 154 yards on 27 rushes. Linebacker Mike Larkin's 12 stops led the Irish defense, which held Purdue to 11 yards rushing.

"I wanted to beat Bo Schembechler," said UCLA Coach Terry Donahue after the Bruins' 31–27 defeat of Michigan. "I wanted to beat him badly." The reason: the Wolverines' 33–14 have-no-mercy Bluebonnet Bowl win over UCLA last New Year's Eve. Quarterback Tom Ramsey led the Bruins back from a 21–0 deficit by completing 22 of 36 passes for 311 yards and two scores, one of 46 yards to Wide Receiver Dokie Williams and another of six yards to Flanker Jojo Townsell. Williams also ran a kickoff back 65 yards. Wolverine Wingback Anthony Carter caught eight passes for 123 yards and a touchdown and dove vainly for a Steve Smith pass in the end zone as time ran out.

Drake lost 35–10 at Iowa State as the Cyclones got two touchdown runs from Harold Brown; Mike Hohensee became Minnesota's career touchdown passing leader—he has 26 in only 14 games—with two TD tosses in the Gophers' 41–11 defeat of Washington State; Kansas State's redshirt-laden Wildcats won their third straight game, 31–7 over Wichita State, as Quarterback Darrell Dickey passed for one touchdown and ran for another; and Wisconsin ended Toledo's eight-game winning streak—the longest among major colleges—with a 36–27 victory. Elsewhere, Kansas gained a 13–13 tie with Kentucky when Bruce Kallmeyer kicked a last-minute, 27-yard field goal shortly after the Wildcats fumbled in their own territory; Doug Smith booted three three-pointers in Indiana's 17–10 defeat of Syracuse; Miami of Ohio shut out Eastern Michigan 35–0; Western Michigan beat Kent State 24–14; and Indiana State downed Ball State 17–0.

SI TOP 20

1.	PITT (3–0)	1 *
2.	WASHINGTON (3–0)	2
3.	GEORGIA (3–0)	3
4.	PENN STATE (4–0)	8
5.	SMU (3–0)	4
6.	ARIZONA STATE (4–0)	6
7.	FLORIDA (3–0)	7
8.	NEBRASKA (2–1)	5
9.	N. CAROLINA (2–1)	9
10.	ALABAMA (3–0)	10
11.	ARKANSAS (3–0)	11
12.	NOTRE DAME (2–0)	12
13.	MIAMI (3–1)	14
14.	AUBURN (3–0)	15
15.	W. VIRGINIA (3–0)	16
16.	SOUTHERN CAL (2–1)	17
17.	TEXAS (2–0)	18
18.	BOSTON COLL. (2–0–1)	20
19.	UCLA (3–0)	—
20.	SAN JOSE STATE (3–0)	—

* Last week

WEST When Brigham Young Punter Mike Mees's kick rolled out of bounds at the Air Force one, yes, Cougar Coach LaVell Edwards did think he had it locked up. After all, BYU was leading 38–31 with 1:30 remaining. "Air Force is a good offensive team, but you don't figure anyone is going to move 99 yards on us in a minute and a half," he said. Quarterback Marty Louthan needed only 1:24 and eight plays to guide the Falcons 99 yards. Louthan passed 22 yards to Halfback Mike Brown to move Air Force to within a point of the Cougars and threw to Brown again for the winning two-point conversion. "We came here to win," said Air Force Coach Ken Hatfield whose decision spoiled the opening of the Cougars' expanded stadium. "We worked hard on that two-point play because I figured it would be exactly this kind of game."

Oregon Coach Rich Brooks was looking at the prospect of playing Washington in Seattle without his starting quarterback when someone asked what his problems were on offense. "I've got 11 of them," he replied. But when the first quarter ended with the winless Ducks, who hadn't scored a touchdown from scrimmage in three previous games this season, leading the unbeaten Huskies 7–0, those problems appeared to be solved. Harry Billups had thrown a 23-yard halfback option pass to Osborn Thomas, and the Husky fans, many of whom had participated in 2½ hours of pregame *Oktoberfest* revelry, were ready to cry in their beer. But Tailback Sterling Hinds ran 21 times for 103 yards and three touchdowns, and Chuck Nelson booted three field goals as Washington rallied once, fell be-

continued

hind again and then came back once more to win 37–21.

Arizona State's defense sacked California quarterbacks Gale Gilbert and J. Torchio 12 times, intercepted three of their passes and forced 11 punts—one of which Sun Devil Linebacker Jimmy Williams and Free Safety Mike Richardson blocked out of the end zone for a safety—in a 15–0 defeat of the Golden Bears. "They came at us from everywhere," said Cal Right Guard Tim Galas. "If we picked up one, it seemed there'd be another and another." Three times Strong Safety Paul Moyer blitzed in for a sack; twice Richardson laid back for an interception.

Cal is next up for San Jose State, which ran its record against Pac-10 opponents to 3–0 with a 17–13 come-from-behind win over Oregon State on Cornerback Gill Byrd's 26-yard return of a pass interception; Wyoming knocked off Colorado 24–10; Iowa got by Arizona 17–14, Utah State shut out Fullerton State 19–0; Montana edged Northern Arizona 36–35, Montana State beat Nevada-Reno 19–10, and Colorado State defeated New Mexico State 24–17.

SOUTH Alabama Coach Bear Bryant was late for the press conference following the Crimson Tide's 24–21 defeat of Vanderbilt because he was busy making sure all his houndsteeth were still intact. "I was in the coaches' dressing room praying, thanking the Lord for letting us get by," he said. "I feel real, real lucky to win. Vandy deserved more than it got in this one." All the Commodores got was the satisfaction of giving 'Bama as close a game as the Tide has had in Tuscaloosa since Florida State lost there 8–7 in 1974. Trailing 24–7 at the half, Vandy rallied on two scoring passes from second-string Quarterback Kurt Page, who completed 17 of 35 for 223 yards after replacing injured starter Whit Taylor in the first half, to Flanker Allama Matthews. Fullback Craig Turner's two first-half TD plunges helped bail out 'Bama.

For North Carolina there was no satisfaction at all in its 62–8 thumping of Army. First, Quarterback Rod Elkins became the third Tar Heel backfield starter this season to fall to an injury, when he twisted his left knee evading a tackler near the sideline after scrambling around right end for 23 yards in the second quarter. "Nobody hit him," moaned Coach Dick Crum. "He could have been walking down the sideline." He'll be out for three to four weeks. Then the Heels, despite Crum's best efforts to keep the score down, kept adding to their 41–0 halftime lead. Erstwhile reserves Ethan Horton and Tyrone Anthony, semiregulars since an ankle injury felled Tailback Kelvin Bryant, each scored twice.

Florida ran for 258 yards in a 27–17 defeat of Mississippi State, rolling up 202 of those yards—and all of its points—in the second half. Lorenzo Hampton's three scoring runs were part of a 109-yard afternoon, the first 100-plus game turned in by a Gator back since 1980. Bulldog Quarterback John Bond twice hit Split End Danny Knight with TD passes, on plays covering 44 and 80 yards.

"I thought, 'I've already given them the game. This is my chance to get it back,' " said Miami Halfback Mark Rush, who had fumbled twice to set up Michigan State scores. So he dove one yard into the end zone with 1:04 left to seal the Hurricanes' 25–22 victory. Rush had strained his knee on the last play of the first half and had appeared in only one second-half play until Miami's final series. But after the Spartans had prevented Miami from scoring on seven straight plays on two separate possessions inside the Michigan State 10, there was Rush on the sidelines, nudging Offensive Coordinator Kim Helton and saying, "I can go right now." Rush, who's known as Up and Over among his teammates for his knack of swan diving into the end zone, used the technique he developed diving over the ocean waves off his hometown of Fort Lauderdale.

Herschel Walker (*page 94*) wore a soft cast on his right thumb and forearm in Georgia's 34–18 defeat of South Carolina, but busted loose in the second half for 110 yards and a TD; Florida State's Kelly Lowrey completed 22 of 35 passes for 322 yards and two scores and ran nine yards on a fake field goal attempt for the winning touchdown in the Seminoles' 24–17 defeat of Southern Mississippi, and Auburn beat Tennessee 24–14 as Bo Jackson and Lionel James accounted for 239 of the Tigers' 357 rushing yards.

"Maybe he's the next Joe Namath," said Virginia Coach George Welsh of Duke Quarterback Ben Bennett, who threw for 208 yards and two touchdowns in the first half of the Blue Devils' 51–17 rout of the Wahoos. "Or maybe it was us." Bennett finished with 21 of 30 for 291 yards and three TDs. He hasn't been intercepted in 107 attempts. By contrast, Clemson coughed up the ball on four of its first six possessions against Western Carolina, but used Tailback Chuck McSwain's two third-quarter touchdown runs to turn back the Catamounts 21–10. It was the defending national champion's first win. Maryland had three field goals from Jess Atkinson in its 23–6 defeat of North Carolina State, and Georgia Tech Tailback Robert Lavette ran for three scores in the Yellow Jackets' 24–20 win over Memphis State, which lost its 11th in a row. Appalachian State also played its 11th game without a win, losing 31–22 to Wake Forest; Virginia Tech routed William & Mary 47–3; Louisville shaded Oklahoma State 28–22; and LSU romped by Rice 52–13.

EAST "I really can't see that far," says West Virginia Placekicker Paul Woodside, who booted three field goals in the Mountaineers' 43–10 romp past winless Richmond. "I'll probably get glasses at the end of the season, but I didn't want to make the change in August." When the season is over, Woodside may need bifocals, so as to make out the print in the NCAA record book. He has succeeded on his last 13 field-goal attempts, dating back to the 1981 Peach Bowl, a school record, and needs only three more in a row to tie the three-year-old collegiate mark for consecutive three-pointers set by Ish Ordonez of Arkansas and Dale Castro of Maryland. In the win over the Spiders, West Virginia scored on its first seven possessions and built a 33–3 halftime lead as Quarterback Jeff Hostetler ran for three one-yard touchdowns.

Two second-half scoring passes from Doug Flutie to Flanker Brian Brennan led Boston College to a 31–0 defeat of Navy, which couldn't take advantage of the four fumbles the Eagles lost, or convert any of its own 15 third-down opportunities, or pick up a first down on any of three fourth-down plays from scrimmage inside BC territory during the second half. "Those third- and fourth-down situations are tough ones to make calls in," said an agitated Gary Tranquill, Navy's coach. "But they gave us exactly what we were looking for in their defense and we didn't execute." Flutie added a 40-yard scramble to his 279 yards passing on 19 completions in 36 attempts.

Rutgers broke a seven-game losing streak by defeating Temple 10–7; Harvard Quarterback Don Allard threw for a school-record 358 yards in a 31–14 win over Massachusetts; and Maine lost its second straight game under the NCAA-approved tiebreaker rule, 48–45 in four overtimes to Boston University, which got five touchdown carries from Tailback Paul Lewis. "It's a wonderful rule for college football," said Terrier Coach Rick Taylor. "It's a lousy rule for coaches." And especially for Maine. The Black Bears have scored 100 points in their last two games, but lost both in a total of 10 overtimes. In shorter order Connecticut beat Yale 17–7; Delaware downed Princeton 35–17; Colgate defeated Cornell 21–6; Holy Cross wore down Dartmouth 28–12; Penn edged Lehigh 20–17; Brown beat Rhode Island 24–20; and Lafayette routed Columbia 53–23. **END**

PLAYERS OF THE WEEK

OFFENSE Penn State Quarterback Todd Blackledge, a 6′4″, 222-pound junior, threw his third TD pass with :04 left as the Lions defeated Nebraska 27–24. He completed 23 of 39 passes for 295 yards.

DEFENSE Pitt Defensive Tackle Dave Puzzuoli, a 6′3″, 255-pound senior, was in on four sacks costing Illinois 34 yards and ran a pass interception 95 yards for a touchdown in a 20–3 win over the Illini.

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Guerrero (left) has an eager ear for his guru, Mota.

A hit every place he plays

Versatile Pedro Guerrero is producing numbing numbers for Los Angeles

by Jim Kaplan

On a Dodger team of aging heroes like 33-year-old Steve Garvey and young stars like 21-year-old Fernando Valenzuela, Pedro Guerrero, 26 and playing in his second season as a regular, has carved out a prominent niche all his own. At the end of last week, Los Angeles was clinging to a one-game lead in the National League West and Guerrero was a leading candidate for MVP.

Guerrero, who has displaced Garvey as the Dodgers' cleanup hitter, led the team in batting (.306), runs (86), homers (32), runs batted in (98), game-winning RBIs (18), slugging (.543), on-base percentage (.376) and, as always, selflessness. As a rookie in 1980, he substituted for ailing Davey Lopes at second and slumping Rudy Law in center and batted .322. Last season sore-armed Reggie Smith couldn't play rightfield, so Guerrero hit .300 in his stead and was a tri-MVP in the World Series. He started this year in rightfield, but when Ron Cey strained a thigh muscle on Sept. 5, Guerrero began shifting back and forth between the outfield and third base—often during the course of a game.

No matter. As the Dodgers took over the division lead with a seven-game mid-September winning streak, Guerrero had two game-winning hits, two homers and seven RBIs. He accomplished all this despite an increasingly swollen right hand he had jammed swinging at an inside pitch Sept. 10. In pain and in health, he's a good bet to become the 14th active player to produce a .300, 30-homer, 100-RBI season—and the first to accomplish the feat so early in his career. He has already become the first Dodger ever to hit 30 homers and steal 20 bases in one season.

Guerrero has played six different positions since arriving in L.A.: first (his favorite), second, third and the three outfield spots. "Why should switching bother me if I know how to play all those positions?" he says. "I just move from one to the other and pretend I started the game there."

"He makes great judgments," says Batting Coach Manny Mota. "He knows he can use the whole field and when to go for the long ball or base hit, and he remembers to cut down on his swing with two strikes."

Knowing Guerrero's fondness for low pitches, San Diego's Eric Show recently threw him a ridiculously low one—10 inches off the ground. Guerrero swung and missed. Show tried the same thing on his next delivery, got it up a bit and lost the game when Guerrero doubled home Ken Landreaux. "He's got holes you can throw to," says Show, "but they're getting smaller and smaller. It's amazing how much he's improved just over the last season."

"He's got great baseball intelligence," says Leftfielder Dusty Baker, Guerrero's best friend among the Dodgers. "I must be in the game," Guerrero adds, "because I once fell asleep on a plane and woke up swinging."

Guerrero's the rare ballplayer who will stand up and shake hands with someone he has been introduced to in the clubhouse. He happily answers to "Pedro" in Spanish and "Pete" in English. L.A. Manager Tom Lasorda considers him a quiet leader. Because he makes bilingual public-service broadcasts on behalf of every major cause from safety on the public buses to cardiopulmonary resuscitation, Dodger spokesmen call him "concerned." To the players, he's eminently kiddable because of his combination of absentmindedness and good humor.

Guerrero and his wife, Denise, a vivacious New Mexican of Spanish, Mexican, American Indian and Irish ancestry, share a car and a condo in a middle-class L.A. neighborhood 10 minutes from Dodger Stadium. "Which neighborhood?" he was asked. "Lafayette Park," said Guerrero. "No," said Utilityman Derrel Thomas in a tone of mock sternness. "That's the street. It's the Wilshire district. Remember that." Later Guerrero asked a reporter to send him a copy of a story but couldn't remember his own address. "I know the place but not the number," he said.

Denise has been a big help to Pedro—so much so that veteran Dodger Outfielder Rick Monday's wife, Terry, has called her "the perfect example of what a young player's wife should be." Guerrero shows his appreciation of Denise, whose main contribution to his success was to teach him patience, by wiggling a finger at her after each of his Dodger Stadium home runs. It's his way of saying, "That was for you, Baby."

"Pedro's basically a big ham," says Denise. "I'm always taping him on a videocassette, singing to Dominican music. His ambition is to have a band with the two of us playing—him on drums, me on saxophone."

The other key figure in Guerrero's

continued

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support system is Mota, who once pitched him 75 consecutive curves in batting practice. Like Guerrero, Mota is a Dominican who languished in the minors before being promoted for good. Guerrero spent all or parts of seven seasons down on the farm, before the Dodgers ran out of options and brought him up to stay in 1980; more than once before then, Mota talked him out of quitting.

"If I think he's doing something wrong at the plate, I call to him from the first-base coach's box," says Mota. After getting Guerrero's attention, Mota will signal—pointing to his head if Guerrero is looking up, showing his palm if Guerrero is uppercutting, pointing to his shoulder if his protégé is "opening up" too soon.

Guerrero grew up in San Pedro de Macoris, a city of 66,000 about 40 miles from Santo Domingo. His parents separated when he was eight, and at 14 he dropped out of school to haul sugarcane for $2.60 a day. "I'd work all day, play drums at night and play baseball on weekends," he says. "We'd go on the road and only nine or 10 guys would show up, so I got used to playing a lot of positions."

By the time he was 16, Guerrero had settled at third and was leading his youth league with a .438 average. Cleveland promptly signed him for a $2,500 bonus. "We talk a lot about scouting with projections," says Regie Otero, who discovered Guerrero. "He was five-feet-11, 157 pounds. I looked at the width of his shoulders, back and front, and knew that he would get heavier and stronger. He had lived off of rice and beans. Meat—when? Vegetables—when? Eggs—when? Milk—when?" Guerrero now weighs 190 pounds.

He spent only one season in the Cleveland system. In 1974 the Indians were hungering after Bruce Ellingsen, a left-handed pitcher in the Dodger system. Otero, by then working for the Dodgers, persuaded Al Campanis, L.A.'s director of player personnel, to trade Ellingsen for Guerrero. Ellingsen has retired, having pitched just 16 major league games. Guerrero hit .300 or better in six of seven minor league seasons. From third, he switched to first and later the outfield after fracturing his left ankle at Albuquerque in 1977.

For Guerrero, it was a shattering experience in more ways than one. "Every day I'd see him walking around the field," says Dodger Pitcher Bob Welch, who was Guerrero's teammate during his recuperation period at Albuquerque in early 1978. "Ten laps, 12, 14, wouldn't say a word. Then, he'd get in his Thunderbird and drive away."

But the injury turned out to be the best break he ever had. "Before, I wasn't interested in being a good base runner or working on my defense," he says. "All I worried about was my hitting. After I got hurt I had a lot of time to think. There was a lot more money in baseball than when I signed, and I was thinking that if I played better I could make good money someday." Guerrero worked so hard to rehabilitate his ankle that he not only became an all-around player but also a faster one. He now has a $275,000 salary that figures to double—or triple—by next spring.

Indeed, the Dodgers, who considered trading him last winter, are now expected to do almost anything to keep him happy. That means both raising his salary and giving him a permanent position. Guerrero has had frequent shoulder difficulty while switching from the outfield to third. Now there's speculation that L.A. will trade the 34-year-old Cey, install Guerrero at third and insert 22-year-old Mike Marshall in right. That's a lot for a club to do on behalf of one man, but Guerrero is one man who has done a lot for his club.

THE WEEK

(Sept 20-26)

by HERM WEISKOPF

AL EAST "MVP, MVP, MVP." That was the chant that reverberated throughout Milwaukee's County Stadium as Robin Yount of the Brewers (3–3) circled the bases after his 26th home run. Yount's homer was his second of the night, and it topped off his three-hit, six-RBI effort in a 15–6 blitzing of the Orioles. Baltimore (3–3), which had come to town three games in back of Milwaukee, had taken a 4–0 lead in the first inning of the opener of that three-game weekend series. The Birds tightened up the race on Saturday by beating the Brewers 7–2 behind Jim Palmer (15–4), who retired the last 14 men in a row on a total of only 23 pitches. On Sunday afternoon, Baltimore reduced its deficit to two games as Dennis Martinez and Tippy Martinez teamed up to pitch a six-hitter during a 5–2 triumph in Milwaukee. For Dennis, that was his 15th win; for Tippy, it was his 16th save. Eddie Murray of the Orioles walloped his 31st homer of the season in that game and Gorman Thomas of the Brewers connected for his 39th, which leads both leagues.

Both teams had begun the week with dramatic victories. Baltimore started off by beating Detroit 3–1 when John Lowenstein slugged a two-run homer in the bottom of the ninth. Ben Oglivie of Milwaukee also homered in the last of the ninth—on an 0–2 pitch with two out—to force Boston into extra innings. Pete Vuckovich (18–4) went the distance and won in the 11th when Yount and Cecil Cooper singled, Ted Simmons sacrificed and Gorman Thomas brought the run home with a sacrifice fly. Oglivie's 32nd homer and four-hit pitching by Mike Caldwell (17–12) also beat the Red Sox 3–1.

Two of the things that have hurt Boston (3–3) the most this season have been the 146 home runs given up by the pitching staff and the 162 double plays the Sox have hit into. The major league mark for hitting into double plays is 170, set in 1950 by the Philadelphia Athletics. Nonetheless, Boston clung to third place as Jim Rice singled in the 10th to defeat Milwaukee 4–3 and John Tudor whiffed nine Yankees while winning 4–2.

Detroit (4–3) handed Baltimore two costly setbacks, 11–1 and 10–5. In the first of those games, Tiger Lance Parrish walloped his 30th home run, tying the league record for catchers held by Yogi Berra (1956) and Gus Triandos (1958). Jack Morris (17–16) shut out Cleveland 4–0. And in the completion of a June 9 game that was suspended after 14 innings with the score 3–3, the Tigers beat the Indians 4–3 when Ed Glynn came in from the bullpen with the bases loaded and made just one delivery—a wild pitch—in the 18th.

Cleveland (4–3) had more success in New York (2–4) in a battle for fifth place. By scoring four runs in the ninth—two on a single by Mike Hargrove, one on a double by Larry Milbourne and the last on an error—the Tribe won 9–8. In the nightcap of that doubleheader, Dave Righetti ended the longest Yankee losing streak since 1953 at nine games by defeating the Indians 6–2. Cleveland won the rubber game 5–0 as Rick Sutcliffe (14–6) lowered his ERA to a league-leading 2.85. Ron Hassey had his finest week of the season, batting .533.

Dave Stieb of Toronto (3–3), who leads the league in innings pitched (279) and is the league leader in complete games, went the route for the 17th and 18th times while beating Minnesota 5–1 and Seattle 6–2. For Stieb, those were his 15th and 16th wins, a team record. Jim Clancy (14–14) won his third game in four starts when Damaso Garcia drew a walk with the bases full in the 10th inning to beat the Twins 3–2.

MIL 92–63 BALT 90–65 BOS 85–70 DET 78–76
CLEV 76–78 NY 75–80 TOR 72–83

continued

AL WEST

A three-game sweep of the Royals (*page 16*) put the Angels (5–2) on cloud nine. California soared some more by winning twice in Texas, 10–1 behind Bruce Kison and 6–5 with a seventh-inning rally that included home runs by Rod Carew, who hit .435 for the week, and Doug DeCinces. That win went to Dave Goltz, who yielded only one hit in 3⅓ innings of relief. Three days earlier, Goltz had hurled 3⅔ perfect innings to lock up an 8–5 victory over Kansas City. The Royals (1–5) ended a seven-game skid by beating Oakland 7–4 as Larry Gura (18–11) kept alive his quest for a 20-win season.

Harold Baines and Greg Luzinski each drove in his 100th run of the year, the first time the White Sox (3–4) have had two such productive hitters since Luke Appling and Zeke Bonura in 1936. Steve Dillard got five RBIs during a 13–1 clobbering of Minnesota. Not bad for a player who had been visiting his folks in Mississippi two weeks earlier following the conclusion of his Triple A season. Dillard got his chance when he was called up by the White Sox to replace injured Second Baseman Tony Bernazard.

Ed Vande Berg of the Mariners (5–2) pitched 6⅔ innings of shutout relief while picking up his fourth and fifth saves and his ninth victory. Those outings raised Vande Berg's appearance total to 74, a record for an American League rookie. Two other Mariner youngsters—John Moses, 25, and Bryan Clark, 26—did well. Since being called up from the minors on Aug. 20, Moses had gone 8 for 22 with six extra-base blows. One of Moses' hits was a ninth-inning double that knocked off Toronto 3–2. Clark, who escaped the bullpen because Gaylord Perry was sitting out a 10-day suspension for having allegedly doctored the ball on Aug. 23, won twice as a starter. After beating Chicago 5–2 with an assist from Vande Berg, Clark defeated Toronto 7–0. Old hand Bruce Bochte also helped the Mariners put together their most successful week since early June by pounding out a club-record seven consecutive hits, slamming a pair of home runs and batting a resounding .500.

Two new additions from the minors enabled Oakland (4–2) to twice defeat Texas. Tim Conroy's five-hitter took care of the Rangers 6–1, and Steve Baker, with relief from Dave Beard, was a 5–3 victor. The A's dealt the Royals a 5–4 setback on Sunday, the ninth loss in 10 games for Kansas City, which concluded the week 3½ lengths behind California. Oakland scored the decisive run in the eighth inning when Jeff Burroughs, Davey Lopes and Mike Heath all came through with two-out singles.

Frank Tanana of Texas (3–4), who had been backed by no more than two runs in 26 of 28 previous starts, reveled in some rare support as he beat Oakland 10–3. Mike Richardt, who drove in four runs in that game, teamed up with two other rookies as the Rangers stung the Angels 5–4. After Dave Hostetler had singled in the ninth of a 4–4 deadlock, Richardt sent pinch runner Nick Capra to third with a single. Capra then scored the decisive run when California Catcher Bob Boone threw wildly to third on a pickoff attempt.

Randy Bush proved he was no busher, homering twice as Minnesota (2–4) defeated Toronto 4–1. That extended the Twins' winning streak to four games, their longest of the season. Bobby Castillo won that game and on Sunday was a 2–1 winner over the White Sox. That gave Castillo five victories in his last six decisions.

CAL 89–67 KC 85–70 CHI 82–73 SEA 75–80
OAK 66–89 TEX 62–94 MINN 58–97

BALL PARK FIGURES

The major league teams with the best records in one-run games this season are:

NATIONAL LEAGUE		
1. St. Louis	34–21	.618
2. Philadelphia	27–20	.574
3. San Francisco	37–28	.569
4. Los Angeles	31–25	.554
5. Atlanta	29–24	.547
AMERICAN LEAGUE		
1. Boston	26–19	.578
2. Kansas City	23–17	.575
3. Seattle	31–23	.574
4. Cleveland	22–17	.564
5. Baltimore	19–17	.528

NL EAST

It was no surprise that Bruce Sutter earned his 34th and 35th saves, or that Joaquin Andujar (15–10) won twice, or that George Hendrick batted .500 for St. Louis (4–3). What was a bit surprising was that Dave LaPoint and John Stuper pitched so splendidly. LaPoint, who hadn't started in 18 days, went eight strong innings against Pittsburgh and won 2–1, thanks to an eighth-inning, run-scoring single by Tommy Herr and Sutter's finishing touch. Stuper, who was 6–14 in the American Association last season, ran his record as a Cardinal to 9–6 by beating Chicago 3–1 on four hits. Andujar hurled a three-hitter against the Cubs, winning 5–1 five days after he and Sutter had beaten the Phillies 4–1. All of which made Manager Whitey Herzog (*page 34*) breathe easier.

One of the surprising things about Andujar's 4–1 triumph was that Manager Pat Corrales of Philadelphia (3–4) ordered an intentional walk to Keith Hernandez to get at Hendrick, who had already driven in 22 runs against the Phillies this season. Hendrick responded with a two-RBI double. But that wasn't the strangest occurrence. That came when Philly Catcher Ozzie Virgil tried to throw out a runner advancing from first to second on a base on balls. Virgil compounded his gaffe by pegging the ball into center, thereby setting up another St. Louis run. Philadelphia's Steve Carlton ended the Cardinals' eight-game victory streak, winning 5–2 as he struck out 14, and stroked a single and double. That gave Carlton a 35–10 career record against St. Louis.

Carlton (21–11), however, continued to have trouble with the Mets (5–2), his 2–1 loss to Craig Swan dropping his record against them to 26–31. Ron Gardenhire hit .440 and gave New York a 2–1 victory over Montreal when he homered in the 10th.

Chris Speier of the Expos (4–3), who had been hitting .196 with runners in scoring position, had a team-record eight RBIs during an 11–4 rout of the Phils. Although he is hitting .210 (17 for 81) for September, Speier has driven in 22 runs so far this month. Gary Carter, who is batting .296 with 29 home runs, has a chance to become the fifth National League catcher to hit .300 and slug 30 homers in the same season. The others who accomplished that feat were Gabby Hartnett in 1930, Walker Cooper in 1947, Roy Campanella in 1951, '53 and '55 and Joe Torre in 1966.

Pittsburgh (2–5) had little chance of bumping Montreal out of third. But the Pirates did slow down the Cardinals briefly, winning 5–3 with the help of Mike Easler's go-ahead single in the 11th.

"I just hope there are a lot of guys who aren't back here next year," said Manager Lee Elia of the Cubs (3–4). "You get tired looking at garbage in your backyard." And that was after Chicago had defeated Pittsburgh 3–1 and 1–0. Jody Davis' single in the seventh drove in the only run of the second game. Ferguson Jenkins got the win with help from Reliever Bill Campbell. Jenkins won again on Sunday, sidetracking the Cardinals 6–1.

ST.L 90–66 PHIL 84–71 MONT 83–72
PITT 81–74 CHI 69–87 NY 62–93

NL WEST

The San Francisco earthquake reverberated in L.A. The Giants (5–1) defeated Los Angeles 3–2, 5–4 and 3–2 at Dodger Stadium to close to within one game of the lead. In the second of those victories, San Francisco scored twice in the eighth, once after a soft grounder by Chili Davis took a last-instant hop over the head of L.A. Shortstop Bill Russell. The decisive run was then driven in by Joe Morgan's single. Greg Minton pitched two innings of runless relief in each of the wins to notch his 29th and 30th saves. And Al Holland was sensational, running his string of no-hit innings of relief to 17⅓ before he was

nicked for two hits in 3⅔ innings on Sunday by the Dodgers. That, though, didn't prevent Holland from completing the first three-game sweep by the Giants at Dodger Stadium since 1967 as he locked up a 3–2 triumph for Fred Breining. A two-run homer by Darrell Evans was the big blow for San Francisco in that game. The victory pulled the Giants into a tie with Atlanta for second place. Since Aug. 1 they have gone 34–17. "I have super rhythm right now," said Holland, who has repeatedly pitched the Giants out of Dutch during their prolonged surge.

The Dodgers (0–5) were not unfamiliar with such a resurgence, having stormed from 10½ games back to move into the divisional lead on Aug. 10. Last week, though, the Dodgers couldn't come up with a single victory as they hit a tranquil .227.

The Braves (2–4) helped their cause with 11–6 and 12–6 wipeouts of the Padres. Half of Rafael Ramirez' 10 RBIs and two of his three home runs last week came in the first of those wins. The second victory represented Atlanta's 45th comebacker of the year. Earlier in the week the Braves had faltered against the Astros (5–1). Houston beat Atlanta 4–3, 5–3 and 3–2, making it six straight over the Braves in nine days. During those nine games, Atlanta committed 11 errors that led to 15 unearned runs. The first of Reliever Dave Smith's two wins over the Braves last week came when Dickie Thon doubled in a run in the last of the ninth inning. Nolan Ryan and Bert Roberge combined to shut out Cincinnati 4–0 on Sunday.

San Diego (3–2) split its season series with L.A. 9–9 by winning 3–0 and 2–1. Luis DeLeon worked the final two innings of the opener and locked up John Montefusco's victory with his 14th save. The next day, DeLeon went two more scoreless innings and earned his eighth victory when Alan Wiggins singled home a run in the bottom of the 10th to finish off the Dodgers.

The smallest crowd ever at Riverfront Stadium (6,038) saw the Reds (2–4) beat the Giants 6–5. And only a few more than that were present to see Bruce Berenyi end his string of eight consecutive losses by defeating the Astros 2–0. In this worst of seasons for Cincinnati there remained only one goal during the final week: to avoid being the first Reds club ever to lose 100 games.

PLAYER OF THE WEEK

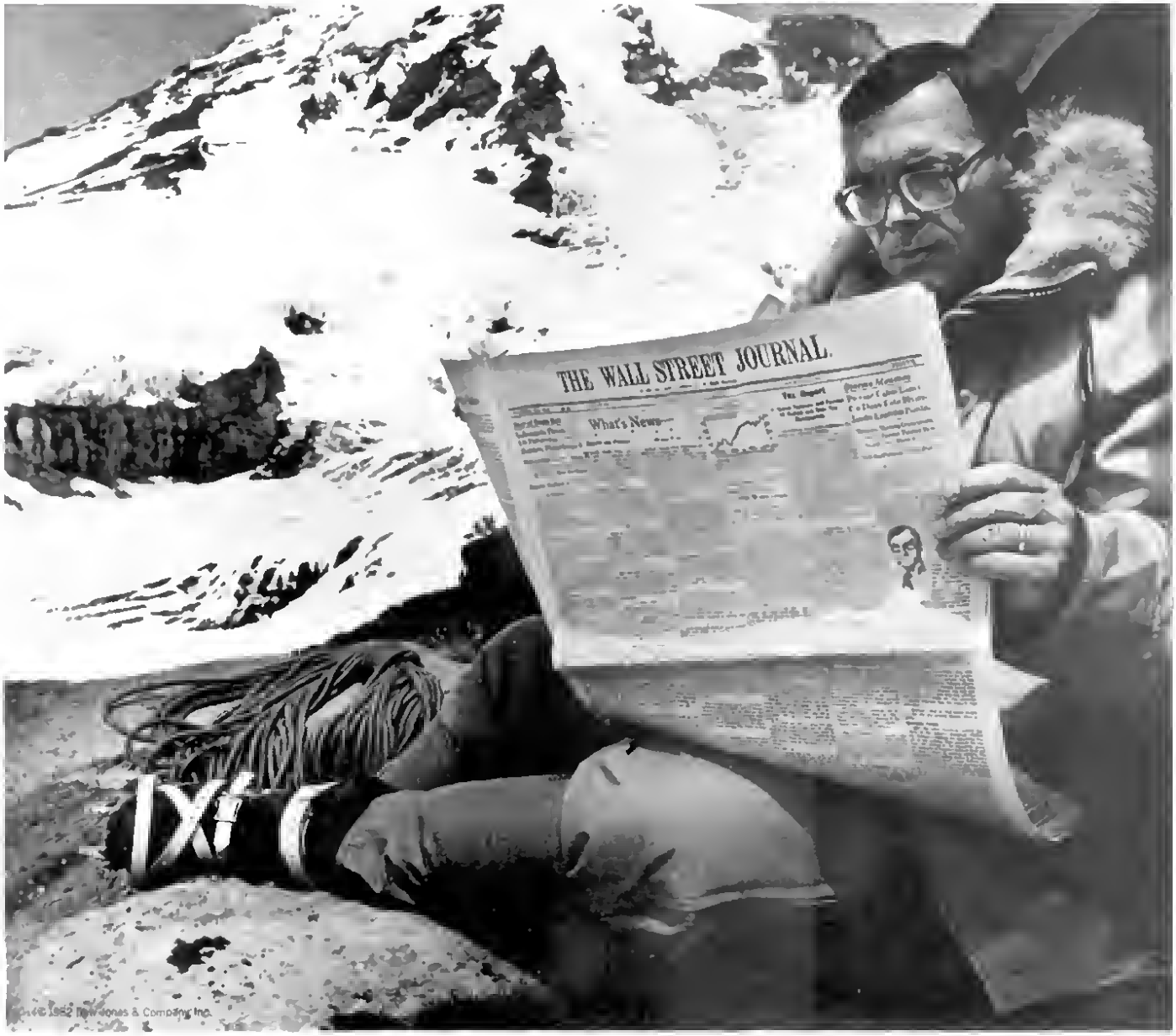
RAFAEL RAMIREZ: The Atlanta shortstop batted .407, drove in 10 runs, scored six times, walloped three homers and stole two bases as he helped keep the Braves in contention in the National League West.

LA 85–70 ATL 84–71 SF 84–71
SD 78–77 HOUS 74–81 CIN 57–98









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They weren't stricken by the strike

When the players walked, the NFL and television had ways of coping

by William Taaffe

So how was it, football fans? Did you catch those moves Peter Falk put on Ann-Margret during *The Cheap Detective* last Thursday night, when ABC was supposed to be showing the Chiefs and Falcons? And how about Clint Eastwood in *The Outlaw Josey Wales* on Monday, when the Browns and Bengals were scheduled? No way the Cincinnati offensive line can mow down people the way Clint does. And weren't those quaint Canadian Football League games on NBC Sunday just something? For sure you noticed how the field was 10 yards too long and the teams had only three downs to get a first down? Can you believe it?

Kidding aside, the joke of this not-very-funny pro football season is on two groups: the viewers and the advertisers. On the other hand, neither the networks nor the NFL will suffer from the strike, at least if it only lasts a few weeks.

As predictably as San Francisco won the rerun of Super Bowl XVI shown on CBS on Sunday, ratings tumbled for the strange hash of fillers the networks have dished up in their pro football slots since the strike began. On Sept. 16, ABC's Thursday night game between Minnesota and Buffalo drew a 17.0 rating (percentage of TV homes tuned in), beating *Hill Street Blues* on NBC (15.5) and *Magnum P.I.* on CBS (15.6). A week later ABC's *The Cheap Detective* got a 10.9 and was trounced by the competition. Overnight ratings (New York City, Chicago and Los Angeles) for NBC's CFL games and CBS's Super Bowl replay averaged 5.8 and 4.3, respectively. The same week last season, NBC pulled in an 11.2 and CBS a 19.8 for pigskin *vérité*.

Should the strike continue, the substitute programming isn't likely to perk up. Beer and auto advertisers want men—tough, upscale, macho males—and nothing delivers them quite as well as football telecasts. TV, in fact, will go to great lengths before it substitutes even a bona fide live event in another sport—say last weekend's Southern Open golf tournament—for football. CBS, which wanted to add some major college football telecasts on Sunday afternoons, last week got the NCAA's blessing. But the other college football broadcasters, ABC and WTBS, Ted Turner's SuperStation, had veto power. WTBS, having failed to extract the concessions it wanted, said no, so as of Monday afternoon CBS was trying to line up Division III games for this Sunday. For the short term, two principles seem certain to govern this strike as it relates to the tube:

Rozelle Theorem No. 1: Television shall bail out the NFL. When the league negotiated its five-year, $2.076 billion worth of contracts with ABC, CBS and NBC last March, it insisted on including a provision under which TV would advance the NFL nearly $30 million in the first two weeks of a strike. Although the networks will subtract the money from next year's payments, each team will have a $1.07 million strike fund in the form of what amounts to an interest-free loan from television. The money, coupled with the fact that the owners aren't paying players' salaries, should more than offset lost revenues. Thanks, guys!

Network Theorem No. 1: Pro football strikes shall not hurt TV in the short run. The networks won't have to pay a nickel, other than the loan, for games not played. Meanwhile, most of the advertisers who came on board for NFL telecasts are likely to stay around for the replacement shows. Granted, the advertisers' payments will be reduced in proportion to the lower ratings that, for example, the CFL gets, but NBC's profit margin should remain healthy because it's paying only $100,000 for each CFL telecast, instead of the millions it shells out for its lineup of NFL games on a typical Sunday.

Says Mike Trager, a marketing consultant and former vice-president of sports programming for NBC, "After the ratings come out, everybody sits down and says, 'Was this a fair trade?' If it's not, the advertiser is either compensated with a money refund or offered other shows." The catch is that those other shows might not offer that upscale, beer-drinking, car-buying male. "Maybe *Dallas* does," says Jerry Solomon, who handles Anheuser-Busch for the advertising agency of D'Arcy McManus & Masius. "But if you buy into *Dallas*, you're paying for a lot of women. Not that women don't drink beer, but our audience is men."

As for the networks, there's the fear that a lengthy strike could break viewing patterns. That would mean that once play resumes, NFL games wouldn't get the ratings they did before the players walked. For now, though, the prevailing attitude on network row is, "What, me worry?" Says one TV sports executive, "Great! This is the first time in years I can take my family for a picnic on a Sunday afternoon." **END**

Instead of a Chiefs-Falcons game, we saw Falk (center) put the moves on Ann-Margret.





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Another big-money Merger

An Eastern syndicate's pacer took control at Ohio's Little Brown Jug

by Barry McDermott



The New York sharpies with their silver tongues and satchels of greenbacks arrived by executive jet and limousine last week in the community of Delaware, Ohio, which is noted for its cotton candy and Ferris wheel. Then they fleeced the suckers and broke a lot of hearts. Ain't no more room for hayseeds in harness racing, you might say.

Well, times change. The Hambletonian nowadays is staged in the shadow of New Jersey's oil refineries. Syndicates of horse owners throw money around like Bendix or Martin Marietta. There are million-dollar purses. But, gosh, the Little Brown Jug in Delaware always was the cozy sort of event at which tradition seemed safe. Now people from the Bronx win it.

Last week the Jug—the top race for 3-year-old pacers—was won by Merger, a horse whose principal owner could not have told one end of a sulky from the other a few months back. "This is the ultimate day of my life in racing," said Bill Mulderig, a Suffern, N.Y. attorney and a guy who appreciates appreciation, of the capital variety. His life in racing began last spring when he became Merger's owner. On the morning of the race, Mulderig had a piece of an $8.25 million asset. By nightfall, after Merger had cruised through the Jug field before 46,144 fans at the Delaware County Fairgrounds, Mulderig figured his animal now was worth $11 million.

Mulderig, a native of the Bronx, was introduced to Merger by Morton Finder of Manhattan and Louis Guida of New Jersey. Both of them are very big in harness racing and seem to be in on every major deal, including the biggest stud syndication of them all—of Niatross for $10 million in 1979. In January Finder and Guida had bought 75% of Merger from a Canadian group, and in March they sold that interest to Mulderig and his syndicate for $6.187 million. Before all that happened, the closest Mulderig had come to the harness was when he parked cars at Yonkers Raceway 25 years ago. He learned, he says, a valuable lesson: Don't bet your tips on other people's tips.

On the Monday before the Jug, Mulderig's mentor, Finder, now the manager of the Merger syndicate, sat on the terrace of his 38th-floor penthouse office on Fifth Avenue and doped out the field, which had a record 25 entries. Up there amidst the lawn furniture and potted evergreens and flowers, Finder had Manhattan at his feet, a public relations man at his side and a secretary who was confirming the limo and the jet airplane.

Finder was very happy, especially because he had visited Delaware only a few days before and had seen Merger pace a 1:57 mile, including a 27.5 last quarter, in training. For Merger, sired by Albatross—as was the great Niatross—and the fastest 2-year-old in history, 1982 had been a spotty year. Now the horse's stock was rising again.

Meanwhile, there in Delaware, Jeanne Thomson, part owner of another Jug entrant, McKinzie Almahurst, was feeling confident about *her* chances. The winner of nine of 11 races last season and the 2-year-old championship, McKinzie was the people's choice at least partly because Jeanne Thomson is the wife of Hank Thomson, the co-founder of the Jug 37 years ago. Hank's great-grandpappy, Abram, was a postmaster under Abraham Lincoln, a fact solidly attested to by a plaque on the front of *The Delaware Gazette*, the family newspaper whose offices are next door to City Hall.

Mrs. Thomson owns 25% of McKinzie Almahurst in a partnership—Five Guys & Me—that includes none other than Finder's roly-poly associate, Guida, in this deal acting on his own. It is an unlikely alliance, but it makes sense from a financial viewpoint.

There's no question that the '80s are witnessing a transition in harness racing. The old breed was on hand at the Jug last week, people like Billy Haughton, the driver of McKinzie Almahurst, and Joe O'Brien, racing a horse named Irish Jimmy. Haughton and O'Brien made their well-deserved reputations over the years

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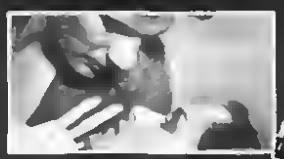
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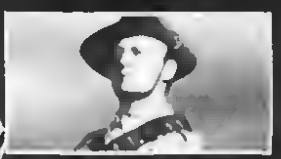
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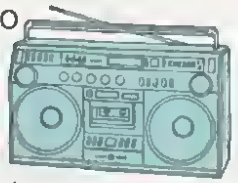


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Our bigger portables are easy to take, too. Take the GE Omnitech. Its features and sound quality rival many portable stereo systems. Not only does it play and record metal, chrome and standard tapes but it features electronic tuning, which locks in radio signals without touching the dial.

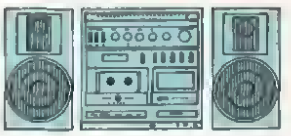


The GE Omnitech

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MICHELOB Light
MICHELOB Light
Well, consider...
they're playing for Michelob Light,
a rich, smooth taste you can
compare to any beer you like.
Michelob Light.

on the Grand Circuit, the grand old country fair league, which, because of all the fresh money coming in, may go the way of vaudeville.

Most of the big loot is paid out at the big eastern tracks, like the Meadowlands, where young men like John Campbell—Merger's driver—churn out huge chunks of earnings. This season Campbell, a transplanted Canadian, has won close to $4 million. He epitomizes the new drivers. Like common stocks in the '60s, they have a go-go style, meaning they drive hard from start to finish. The result: excitement, world records and no more room for the Ferris wheel.

Because of the size of the Jug field, it was split into three divisions, with the top three finishers from each returning for a fourth race. If none of the division winners won that one, the four winners would return for a fifth race just about the time the sun would be setting over the cornfields to the west.

Hank Thomson, 75, was visibly nervous as the start of the day's proceedings approached. He got down off the judge's stand and walked over to the backstretch and closed himself off in the log cabin that serves as the track's office. If McKinzie Almahurst could win the Jug, well, Thomson could say his life had pretty near been perfect.

In the Jug's first heat, against only a middling field, Merger had an easy drive, moving into high gear when Campbell asked for it at about the ⅜ths pole and rolling to a smooth 2¾-length win in 1:55⅗ Mulderig breathed a little easier. Since he invested all that money in Merger, the colt had been performing erratically. Campbell, Merger's trainer as well as his driver, had an extra reason to care how the horse did. He had been one of Merger's original owners and still held a 25% interest in the colt. In Campbell's first try at the Jug, last year, a horse broke in front of him on the backstretch, causing him to crash and tumble to the track. The accident occurred almost in front of Paula, his wife. On this Jug day, Paula was on hand again—nervous, but looking good. She was wearing a bright purple suede vest and a new purple straw hat that had purple feathers sticking from it. The vest was a good-luck charm, she explained, adding, "I'm just hopin' he doesn't go down." She brightened when someone asked what she was doing with her husband's winnings. "Spending it," she replied with an appropriate smile. "Got this hat today."





Merger owner Mulderig got to hold the Jug after McKinzie Almahurst (right, winning second heat) failed in the final.

The Jug's second division was considered strongest because of the presence of McKinzie Almahurst, Irish Jimmy—the winner of his last three starts—and No Nukes, a speed horse that had won six races and half a million dollars this season. Early in the race, Irish Jimmy broke and was out it. Haughton eased McKinzie Almahurst to the lead by the half-mile mark and won by a length in 1:56⅕.

The third division provided the day's biggest surprise as Temujin, a small colt driven by Billy O'Donnell, another Canadian, had a perfect trip and raced to a record clocking for a half-mile track—1:54⅗. Unhappily, while Temujin was coming up long on speed, he had come up short on time. As the call for the Jug final approached, 45 minutes later, he still was panting in the paddock. The bettors made the favorite the entry of Merger and McKinzie Almahurst (joined because Finder and Guida were partners in other syndications), and the bettors were right. In the final, Temujin never did catch a second wind, and just after completing his first trip around the track McKinzie Almahurst broke stride.

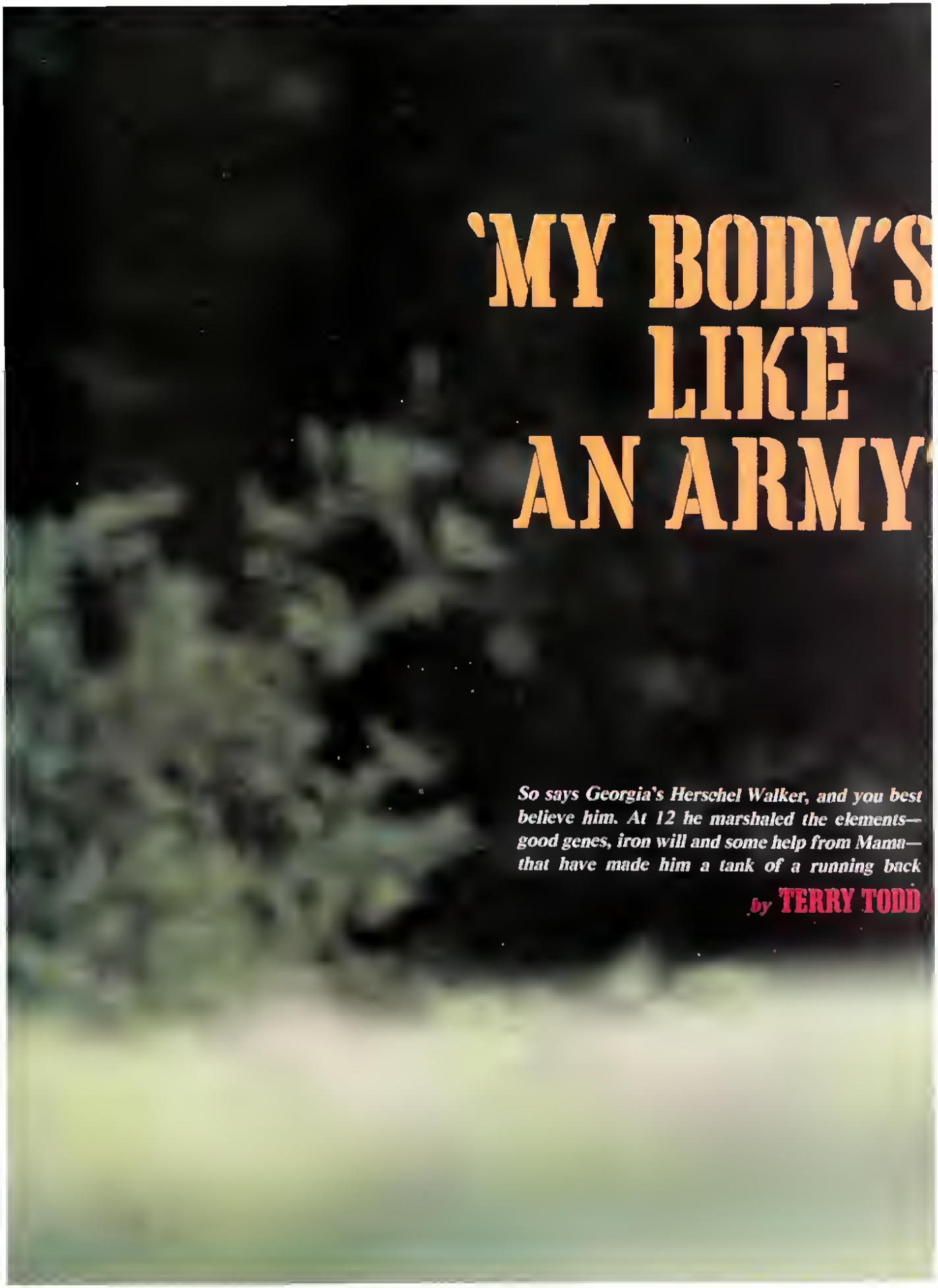
Meanwhile, Merger was in perfect position, on the outside and tucked in. At the three-quarter pole, Campbell let Merger go and the horse surged ahead, coming home in 1:56⅗, three lengths ahead of Icarus Lobell. For the day, Merger collected $99,492.

Paula Campbell dabbed at tears of joy, and Mulderig explained to the press why harness horses were a better investment than oil. The question came up whether Merger should challenge Cam Fella, the year's other top pacer, who was not eligible for the Jug. "We'll race for half a million," said Finder. "Winner take all." Twenty minutes later, a huffing, puffing Vincent Vinci came storming up to confront the Merger camp. Vinci is the 71-year-old part owner of No Nukes. He also has the ample body of a pizza parlor owner. Plus, he's talkative, as in nonstop, and very flamboyant, given to pulling thousands of dollars out of his pocket on small pretext. Naturally he's from New York. "Listen," he yelled, pushing up front. "You can't leave me out. You can't leave me out. I'll put up $300,000 and race both of you."

Put off by this intrusion, Mulderig sniffed. "I don't feel like a challenge today," he said.

"Listen to 'em," said Vinci, shaking like jelly as the Merger group turned and walked away. "I want to be part of this challenge. You're afraid, you're. . . ." Vinci stood there taunting. "I'll have the money in 24 hours," he yelled. "You won today. Big deal. I'll race. . . ."

Yes, harness racing is changing. No more country fair. These days, it's more like a circus. **END**



'MY BODY'S LIKE AN ARMY'

So says Georgia's Herschel Walker, and you best believe him. At 12 he marshaled the elements—good genes, iron will and some help from Mama—that have made him a tank of a running back

by TERRY TODD





HERSCHEL WALKER

continued

A man's stride betrays whether he has found his own way . . . I love to run swiftly. And though there are swamps and thick melancholy on earth, whoever has light feet runs even over mud and dances as on swept ice.

Thus Spoke Zarathustra
—FRIEDRICH NIETZSCHE

It was the early spring of 1974 and the kudzu vines began to leaf and spread. Menfolk in Wrightsville, Ga., put up their long guns and, hearing frogsong, broke out the bass gear. Baseball season opened. Things burgeoned.

The local track and field coach was stirred, as only an athlete-outdoorsman can be, by the warming weather. Tom Jordan was glad to be back outside, in the sun, with his track team. A strong, able-bodied, accessible man, he was accustomed to questions from Wrightsville's youngsters with a yen for self improvement and he took their questions seriously, even though he knew most of his suggestions would be followed briefly, if at all. He remembers one of those youngsters—Herschel Walker—with special clarity.

"Herschel was 12 when he came to me wanting to know how to get big and strong," Jordan says, "and I told him what I told the other kids who asked me. 'Do push-ups, sit-ups and run sprints,' I said. He just thanked me quietly and walked away. To be honest, I didn't give it much thought. Herschel was short for his age [about 5′ 3″, 100 pounds], and he wasn't particularly fast, even though he had some older brothers and sisters who were excellent athletes.

"The next time I paid him any mind was that coming fall. I hadn't seen much of him during the summer and when I saw him in September I was amazed at how he'd muscled up. I asked him what

"Look, Ma . . ." Actually, Walker can't do no-hands chin-ups, but he sure can with either one.

he'd been doing and he smiled and said, 'Just running, Coach, and doing my push-ups.' He was getting faster, too, but back then I mainly remember how strong he was for a boy his age. Later that year, when he was 13, we had the tumbling mats out one day and he and I got to wrestling, and damned if he didn't flip me once, big as I was."

But though young Herschel had grown larger, stronger and faster, he was still shorter than most of his classmates, weaker than his father and two older brothers and slower than not only a half dozen or so of the boys his age at school but also slower than one of his sisters, Veronica, 18 months his senior, who's now a sprinter for Georgia. Yet he was not discouraged, because he was gaining on them, and because he felt he knew how to gain still more. Coach Jordan had told him how, a year before. Push-ups, sit-ups and sprints. Push-ups, sit-ups and sprints.

During that first year Walker had done these exercises every day, unless rain kept him from sprinting along the road leading from his house down to the highway. Jordan had never said how *much* to do, just to do those three things, regularly. To Herschel, "regularly" meant every single day, and by the end of that critical first year he had done more than 100,000 push-ups, more than 100,000 sit-ups and had sprinted nearly half a million yards. He almost always did his push-ups and sit-ups in the evening, while he was either studying or watching television or, more usually, both. During every commercial break he would pump out a quick 25 push-ups and 25 sit-ups or would alternate the push-ups and sit-ups, doing 50 push-ups during one break, then 50 sit-ups during the next, until he had accumulated approximately 300 of each.

As for his running, throughout each summer and on almost every school day in clement weather he would run series after series of short sprints, most of them 30 yards or less, most of them up the hill to his house. Many of them were run



PHOTOGRAPHS BY MANNY RUBIO

against Veronica or, later, his younger brother Lorenza. "We'd wait till the sun set in the summertime," says Veronica, "and then we'd race."

Throughout junior high Herschel was to follow this remarkable regimen every day, every year. He grew taller, and by the ninth grade he stood about 5′ 10″ and weighed 185 pounds, and the muscles of his chest and shoulders and thighs were thick and full. But a couple of boys in his grade still could outrun him. And he had yet to beat Veronica. The prescription? Push-ups, sit-ups and sprints; push-ups, sit-ups and sprints. And prayer.

"One of the things I used to pray for every night was for God to let me beat

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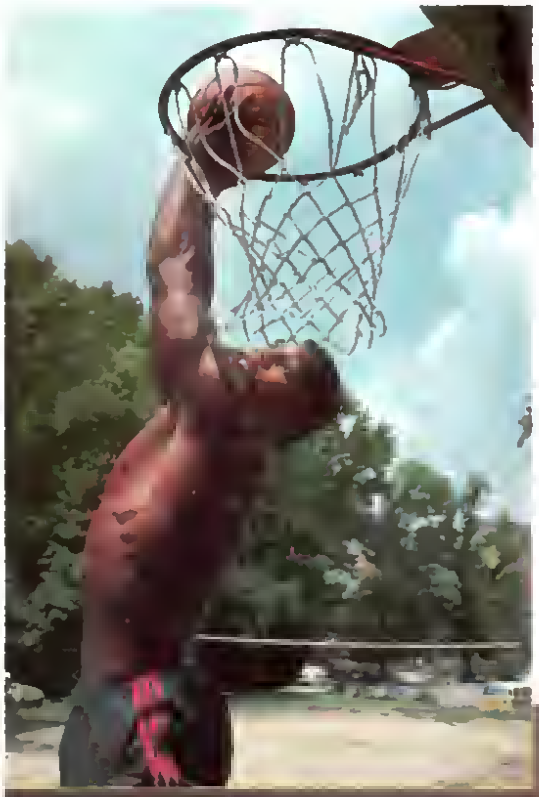


Push-ups from a handstand and with one hand help take the boredom out of the 300-a-day regimen that Walker has been following for more than eight years now.

Veronica," Walker recalls. "I promised that I'd train hard and live a Christian life if only He'd let me get faster." Finally, after his sophomore year in high school, he (and maybe He as well) raced Veronica for perhaps the thousandth time, and this time Walker beat her. And then he beat her again.

"I was crushed," she recalls. "I'd always been able to beat old Bo and I wasn't planning *ever* to let him outrun me. I cried all night and then decided to quit track, but Mama talked to me and helped me see that it had to come sometime, Herschel outrunning me."

And, of course, as everyone knows by now, in his junior and senior years Herschel out- or overran everybody else in Georgia. But even during the heaviest workouts of his track and football seasons, he never failed to do his push-ups and his sit-ups and, when he had the time and the light, his sprints. He never lacked the will. Later on, he even added a little distance work. Says Jordan now, "I remember telling him one day early in his senior year that we were concentrating so much on his sprinting, he'd have to get any distance work on his own. Then, a few months later, I called out to his house late one evening and his mother told me he was out for his after-supper run—about four miles. He'd been doing it for months, she said. And all I'd done was mention it."







Eschewing the weights, Walker gets a lift from hoops, a special breaststroke to build his upper body, and karate. He's a green belt; the black sash is just to hold up his pants.

When assessing the path to his present eminence, the one phrase with which Walker is most comfortable is Hard Work. "I keep hearing and reading about all this talent they say I've been blessed with," he says, "but I don't see it that way. For a long time I never understood I was blessed, except for having such a good family and all. But I do see I *have* been blessed, though not in the way people think." He pauses, then points to his head. "*This* is where I've been blessed. Not in my body. People can't believe how little and slow I was. But I was, and I remember. And I know Coach Jordan showed me the way and God gave me the strength to carry on through all those years.

"My mind's like a general and my body's like an army. I keep the body in shape and it does what I tell it to do. I sometimes even feel myself almost lifting up out of my body and looking down on myself while I run sprints. I'll be coaching myself from up above. 'Come on Herschel,' I'll say to myself out loud, 'pick up those knees. Pump your arms.' If an army stopped training it wouldn't take long for it to fall apart. An army needs discipline, just like a man does."

One of the ways Walker trains his almost frighteningly disciplined mind is through the practice of karate. "I got into it from watching those Bruce Lee films, just like everybody else," he says, "but once I began reading and thinking about it, I saw it as a way to discipline myself, my power. Sometimes I train with a local instructor in Athens, but I always do it

continued

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for an hour or so every night in my room, by myself. I never miss. I think it helps me in sports as well as in my studying. At first I did it because I wanted to be tough, but I think I can say I'm beyond all that now."

If Walker has gone beyond the "get tough" stage—and both his subsequent behavior and his face, which in repose is so very still as to seem somehow Oriental, would tend to support his assertion—he is one of the few Westerners to have so quickly internalized the Zen foundations of karate and transcended the initial generative hostility of most American boys to whom the activity appeals.

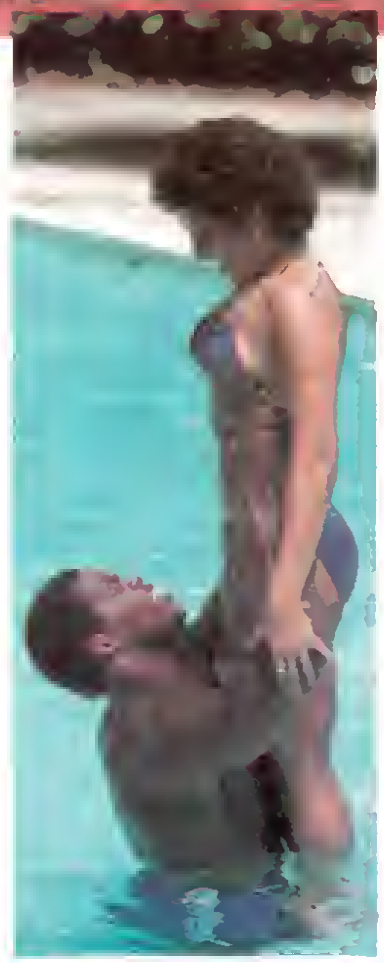
His karate teacher, Lawrence Huff, observed recently that while Walker enjoyed the repetitive forms—the *kata*—of karate, "he also likes to spar. And man, he could definitely become a world champion if he had more time to train. I think he could be a world champion in *ballet* if he really wanted to be. And he still has an urgent need to better himself."

The words of another teacher are perhaps instructive here. "He's the most unique athlete I've ever coached," Georgia Football Coach Vince Dooley said recently. "His combination of raw talent and dedication is unbelievable. You'd think that he might rest on his superior ability from time to time, but he never does. He's amazingly disciplined. He always sits in the exact same chair in our team meetings and he sits up straight and doesn't fidget. He pays close attention to everything that's said and he never forgets a thing. Also, he's often the first one to the workouts, and he always does more than he's asked to do in practice or in a game."

"I think that what happened back in Wrightsville when he was a boy—being outrun by Veronica and being small and everything—might have been the best thing that could have happened to Herschel. That feeling he had of not being the best may have given him just enough of a complex to instill that powerful drive to succeed."

The idea gives pause. Physiologists and sprint coaches agree on one thing—





Though Cindy is a former half-miler, with support like this she won't even have to walk

the ability to run truly fast is a natural gift; training is said to only marginally enhance performance. A physically mature individual can expect training to provide little more than a 5% improvement in sprinting speed—from a 10 flat 100-yard dash to a 9.5, for example. So, unless the experts are all mistaken, Walker was born with a genetic predisposition for extraordinary speed. Other premier sprinters almost without exception remember having always been faster than their age-mates.

What distinguishes Walker's background from those of other world-class sprinters is on the one hand his size and his relatively late maturation, and on the other the fact that he just happened to grow up with a bunch of kids who could really burn it. "It was freakish, really," recalls Jordan. "In Herschel's small graduating class there were four or five others who were 10 flat or under at 100 yards. Those kids had always been in Herschel's grade as he grew up, and they'd always been fast."

Compared to his swifter schoolmates, Walker had unusually large bones, and it seems possible that he simply matured later than other world-class sprinters *because* of his heavy bone structure, as a bullmastiff will mature more slowly than a whippet. And when such an athlete comes from a loving, religious family led by a mother who always asked "one hundred and ten percent" of her children, and grows up in an environment in which not only many of his classmates but also his own sister can outrun him, that athlete just may feel sufficiently marginal physically to develop those sorts of compensatory psychological mechanisms usually possessed by the non-gifted or the actually inferior, improbable as it seems.

Although the whole concept of "complexes" is currently in disfavor with some psychiatrists, it's interesting to note that Dr. Albert Adler, one of the analysts most closely associated with these sorts of theoretical constructs, has argued that people with real or imagined inferiorities might well, if they had understanding, encouraging parents, compensate and

transform their weakness into strength.

In any case, whether or not one subscribes to the notion that Walker was first given an All-Universe pair of designer genes and then, compensating or not, provided the "Hard Work"; or to the notion that God simply rolled up His sleeves on March 3, 1962, spit on His hands and decided to show folks what would happen if He really tried, the secret is out: Herschel Walker is one of a kind.

As to just how *rara* an *avis* he is, consider that Norm Van Brocklin once said that Walker could join any NFL team, that day, and be a starter. Walker was 17 years old. Consider also that at a height of between 6′ and 6′ 1″ and a weight of approximately 222 pounds, he has had a vertical jump, without a run, of 40½″. (One way to determine the output of physical power: multiply the subject's weight in kilograms by 2.21, and then multiply that product by the square root of the subject's vertical jump measured in meters. Walker's leap of 40½″ [1.03 meters] at his body weight of 222 pounds [101 kilos] produced one of the highest power outputs ever recorded—226.5.)

No wonder the crowd in Wrightsville used to leap to its collective feet in roaring anticipation every time Walker, who was an excellent high school basketball player, broke free near the goal for a stuff. No wonder Gary Phillips, Walker's high school football coach, recalls with a smile how college recruiters would begin to whine, salivate and pray for Mephistopheles to show up as Herschel would thrust his incredible 17-year-old body so heartstoppingly high into the air that his head seemed even with the rim.

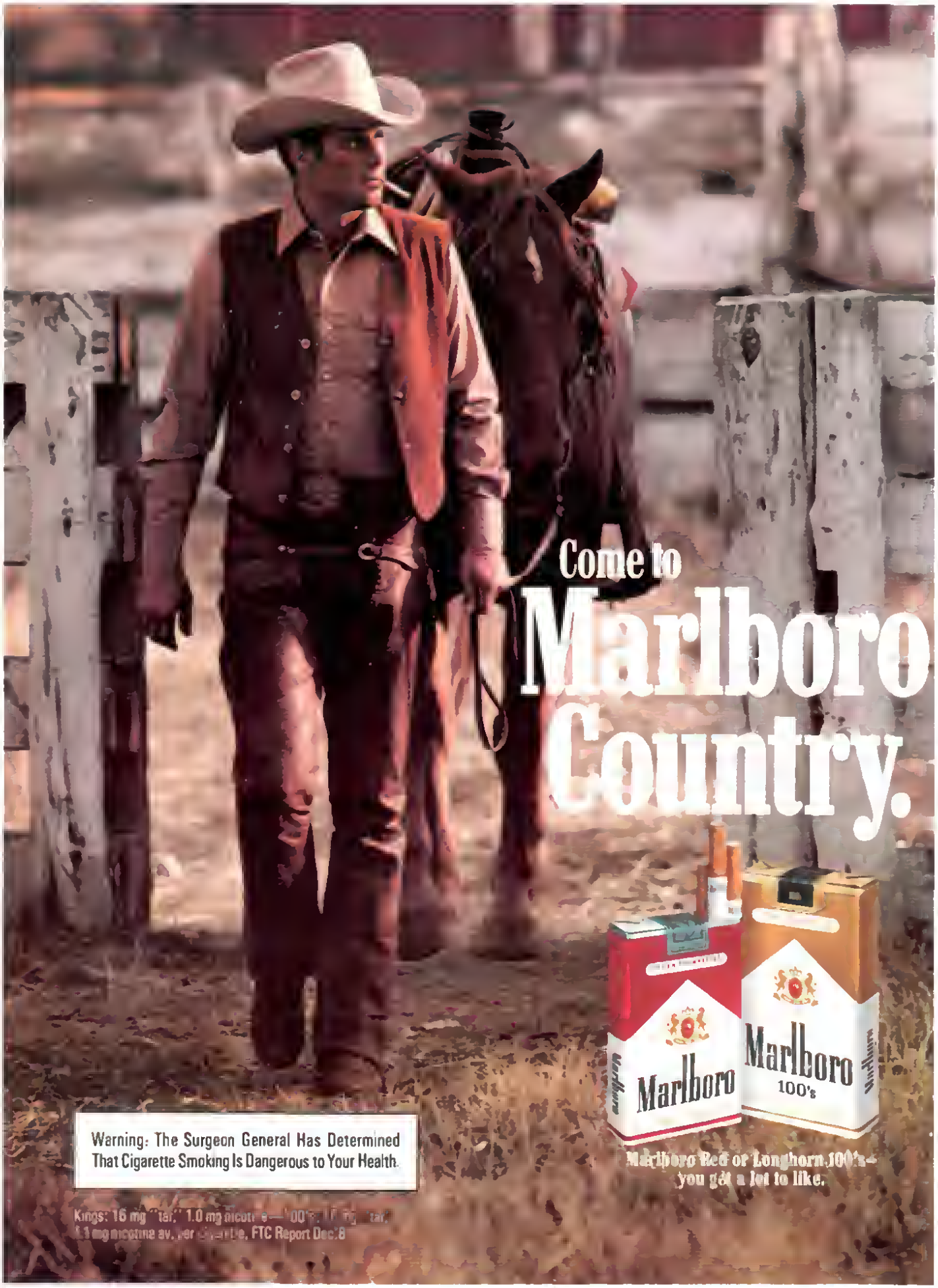
Consider also that even though Walker has a physique that many bodybuilders would commit any number of unspeakable acts to possess, he developed this heroic structure without the benefit of one of the most ubiquitous aspects of major college football—weight training. Few people who have seen him line up in the starting blocks of a sprint—a lion among cheetahs—or who have looked closely at his combined size and muscularity can believe that he became what he is without frequent doses of iron. Even the handful who realize the magnitude of his push-up workouts—by now he may actually have done 1,000,000—suspect that he must have done at least *some* work with the weights. Fact is, he has done

continued



"Chivas Regal!... Where do you think you are, heaven?"

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Country.
Marlboro
Marlboro
100's
Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.
Marlboro Red or Longhorn 100's—
you get a lot to like.
Kings: 16 mg "tar," 1.0 mg nicotine—100's: 17 mg "tar,"
1.1 mg nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Dec.'78

some lifting, although not since high school, and even then it was infrequent and haphazard, only done during part of the football season in his senior year.

There were no weights at Johnson County High in Wrightsville until the beginning of Herschel's senior year. Coach Phillips recalls, "We finally scraped together enough money to get a few weights, and naturally I was curious to see how much Herschel could lift. I'd hoped to use 250 pounds as a sort of goal for all the bigger players on the team, but I remember watching in amazement that first day as Herschel took that 250-pound barbell and pumped it up and down, up and down, like it was made of Styrofoam. After he was finished he looked over at me, genuinely puzzled, and said, 'Coach, 250 ain't heavy.' "

Phillips estimates that Walker spent no more than six or eight hours in the weight room that fall. That's all, folks. Since going to Athens and bursting upon the consciousness of Bulldog football fans, Walker hasn't trained with weights at all. But he has been strength-tested with the rest of the football team, and his natural strength, augmented by those hundreds of thousands of push-ups, have allowed him to bench-press 375 pounds once and 225 pounds—his approximate body weight on his last test day—for 24 repetitions. Only a seasoned lifter can appreciate how astonishing those figures are, and how much training it would normally take for a 225-pound man to be able to match Herschel's ability to chin himself with either hand. Or, for that matter, how unlikely it is for anyone to have a percentage of bodyfat estimated at under 5%, especially in a body fueled almost exclusively by hamburgers.

Of course, one of the reasons Walker doesn't follow Georgia's long-established weight program is that rather than participate in the team's winter and spring workouts, he runs track, indoor and out. But, one wonders, don't most Georgia track athletes train some with the weights in season? Yes. Does Walker? No. And doesn't the Georgia football team have an in-season maintenance program with the weights? Yes. Does Walker take part? Well . . . no. The reluctance of conditioning coaches to put Herschel on a weight program is understandable. They no doubt realize that a weight-room injury to their wunderkind could quickly result in his becoming an assistant B team coach at the Christian Country Day School in Katmandu. Moreover, the coaching staff reasons, with some justification, that because the purpose of a weight program is to make an athlete strong, and because Walker is already strong as a thousand-dollar mule, why tempt fate?

Dooley says forthrightly that Georgia's policy is for Walker to design his own program during the season. Dooley knows how hard Walker works, and he feels much as the owner of a perfectly tuned, frequently needed Maserati would feel were someone to suggest that perhaps the car would go even faster if it had some major work on the motor.

To lift or not to lift, that's the question for Walker, free to choose his own training program. His answer is startling. "Nobody ever really asked me why I don't lift. They only ask me how I got so big *without* lifting. The truth is, I knew weights would help me. I've seen them help too many football players and too many track men. But up to now my body's gotten stronger and faster every year on my old program, and what I reckon I'll do is to try and see how long I can keep improving without the weights. One thing's sure. Soon as I don't make gains, I'm going on a good weight program. The way I figure it, all the other guys my age have lifted for years and they've already just about reached their physical potential. I figure that when I kick in with a weight program, it ought to add some solid weight and really give me a lot more power." He smiled as he finished this distinctly thought-provoking statement, made at least partly to himself. Scores of defensive players can testify to the percussive force Herschel *already* produces, especially when he has the time to take a step or two. When those opponents are either overcome by, or forced to gang up to contain, the shock of a head-on hit by Walker, they at least have the satisfaction of knowing they were bested by a man whose combined size and speed—whose power—is un-

continued

At six months and at eight years it was hard to tell that Walker would grow into a prize high school back who would gain 6,137 yards.





matched in history. And is growing, because of a continued genetic flowering and further refinements, zealously pursued, in his basic exercise program. To his regular push-ups Walker has added hand-stand press-ups and push-ups done with someone on his back to increase the resistance. During the past summer he also has included sprint swimming in his routine of upper-body work. The swimming was added when Walker, in the pool by himself one day, noticed that a modified form of the breaststroke, in which his body surges more upward than forward, gave his chest, shoulders and upper back a terrific workout. This past summer he swam every day he was able to get to a pool.

One thing is certain. When Walker decides the time has come to lift, he will lift. And lift. Even his oldest friends can't remember when he wasn't a worker. "I recollect old Herschel way back in junior high doing all those push-ups," says Milton Moorman, Walker's good pal since elementary school. "He'd do 'em and do 'em. And run? I remember when he used to drag me over to the track on Sunday afternoon, our one day off, and we'd pull the tire till I couldn't pull it no more. But Herschel, he'd be pulling on it till it got slap dark."

The tire was a device rigged up by Jordan; it involved putting a 16-pound shot inside a truck tire and attaching the tire to a 15-foot steel cable, which was then tied to a leather belt around the runner's waist. Dragging the tire developed Herschel's leg and hip power, as did his run-without-ceasing assault on the slight grade leading 110 yards up to his house from the highway. "I wish I had a dollar for every time Herschel ran up that hill," his mother says. "Him and Veronica and the other children would race and race. Even me and my husband would get into it. Later on, some of the time when Herschel couldn't get nobody to race him, he'd go out back to the field and chase those horses around. Herschel wanted to be good mighty bad."

The influence of his big, solid family, and especially of his mother and their shared religious faith, cannot be overlooked in any explanation of Herschel's character. "Last year in Athens I asked Herschel if he ever heard Mama talking to him while he was doing something like running or studying, and he laughed and asked me was I crazy, that Mama was down in Wrightsville," Veronica said recently. "But when I told him I was serious, he said, 'Yes, I do, Veronica. I hear her all the time. I can feel her with me just as plain as day.' She always told us to strive, to always give one hundred and ten percent. That's what she always said, a hundred and ten percent. And that's what we still hear her say."





Walker has gained as many as 283 yards in a game and run 100 meters in as little as 10.10

The training Walker got from Christine Walker still shows in small but revealing ways. "The other day I got up even earlier than usual because I had an early appointment," he told a visitor not long ago, "and I left my room without doing something I always do—making my bed. Well, all morning I had that bed on my mind, all rumpled up back there in my room. Finally, just before noon, I couldn't stand it anymore and I went back to the dorm and made it up." But lest the unkempt among us feel at all sorry for a person in whose life regularity is so paramount, we should remember that Picasso worked hard at his craft almost every day of his long life and that Kant was so systematic in his daily walks in Königsberg that the hausfraus were said to set their clocks by his passing.

One of the things this passion for scheduling has allowed Walker to do is to excel in the classroom—he has at least a solid B average as a criminology major—while maintaining his athletics, his personal conditioning program and an interview calendar that would have daunted Hubert Humphrey. Herschel is proud of his schoolwork, understandably so, and resents any suspicion that his good marks result from his prowess on the playing field. He goes to class every day he's in Athens and he keeps up with his work. He graduated as president of the honor society in his class in high school because he lugged an armful of books home every evening after practice and studied late into the night.

Of course, the fact that he thrives on half the normal amount of sleep does give him a daily four-hour advantage over the rest of us. And this with no alarm clock. When asked what would happen if he went to sleep at 10 p.m. or so, he replied, "I've tried that a couple of times, but I just wake up at two or three the next morning." Although he honshares certain traits with his siblings, such as thick bones and speed afoot, his sleeping patterns, consistent since his midteens, are his alone.

Many explanations exist for such a condition. One of particular interest centers around the fact that many strength athletes who have used large amounts of injectable testosterone, the male hor-

continued



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mone, to improve their performances have noticed that one of its side effects was that they were rarely able to sleep for more than four or five hours at a time. The point of this observation is most definitely not to suggest that any reason exists to even *suspect* that Walker would use testosterone, but merely to speculate as to whether or not he may, as part of his genetic makeup, have a level of natural testosterone far beyond the norm. Were this so, it might even help explain his upper body, which looks rather like a dark brown, triangularly shaped nylon sack filled with just the right number of 16-pound shots.

But whether it is his body or his mind that wakes him early each morning, Walker fills his days with a sense of purpose far beyond his years. "I know I've been called to do something special," he says softly, sounding for all the world like Frodo Baggins agreeing to bear to Mordor the Ring of Power, "but I'm not sure what it will be. Maybe it will be in football, but football's only part of my life. All I know is that my part is to strive to do my best. To try and not to quit. If I can just do that, I reckon I'll be shown the way."

Sometimes when he says such serious things it is easy to be cynical, to suspect disingenuousness. But too many people of too many perspectives will testify to the fact that Walker's maturity and sense of mission are genuine, though not so cloying that he lacks either youthful high spirits or humor. His love of dancing, for instance, is such that he will break into the wave, say, or the gigolo at the first sound of a record he likes, regardless of where he is; he's as subject to music as wheat is to wind. In addition, he has a subtle wit, sometimes self-deprecating, as revealed in his description of his role as a tree in a high school play. Burt Reynolds had dropped by to watch practice one day, leading an interviewer to ask whether acting was something Walker had ever considered. "I was in a play when I was a senior," he said.

"A play?"

"Yeah. I was a tree."

"A tree? Did you have any lines?"

"No, but I was an awesome tree."

Or tongue in cheek, as evidenced in a televised interview following the recent Clemson game. It seems that one of the Clemson players had been quoted in a South Carolina paper as saying he'd been "dreaming of hitting Herschel." This quote, as such quotes are wont to do, found its way to the bulletin board of the Georgia training room. And, as fate would have it, the Clemson player responsible for the quote was the one whose body was crumpled by an oh-so-replayable block Walker threw early in the second half. All of which gave Walker the opportunity, when asked by the commentator about the block, to refer to the newspaper quote and say, with a small smile, "Well, I'm glad I was able to help make his dreams come true."



Preseason drills showed Walker has one weak spot.

It is to be hoped that the future will find him increasingly willing to make such fine comments. A good sign is that he does seem to have gradually become more plainspoken. He has never lacked confidence, but he has the rural Southerner's deep-seated dislike of the loudmouth. And to this natural repugnance has been added supporting advice from people such as Ford dealer Bob Newsome, his advisor and former employer in Wrightsville, a man who has given much to, and received much from, his relationship with Walker.

"I guess I've told Herschel a lot of times that he'd do well to let his ability speak for him, at least at first," Newsome says. "And I'm so proud of him, of how he's done, and how he's handled the celebrity business. I probably give him too much advice, but I can't help myself. I think of him the same way I do my sons. I do. And I used to be bad on the race question. I was wrong and I know it because of what Herschel has meant to me. Ten years ago, if anyone had told me I'd feel toward a black person like I've come to feel toward Herschel, I'd have just laughed. But he's helped me see past all that, and I'm thankful to him."

In lifting himself so far, Walker has lifted others, and not just other athletes. The chaplain of the Georgia football team, the Rev. Claude McBride, describes many instances of Walker's sensitivity and care in ministering to the needs of those around him, white and black. To many people ensnared in racial dilemmas, Herschel seems to walk a tightrope, but perhaps race is one more area in which he doesn't share the limitations of others. He has a serious romantic relationship now—the first of his life—with a former half-miler for Georgia, Cindy DeAngelis, a woman his own age from New York, whose father is Italian and whose mother is Argentinian. They are in love.

Herschel Walker is already a world-class sprinter, a football player of unprecedented ability and potential and a young man preternaturally wise. It is going to be fascinating to watch as he follows his calling, wherever it leads him. It will be especially fascinating to watch him confront the many pitfalls sure to lie in his path—the Balrogs and the Wizards and, most crucially, his own growing power. May he outhit, outwit or outrun them all. **END**

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Reminiscence

by HEYWARD L. SIDDONS

A BOY TOOK A SHOT IN THE DARK AND GOT THIS TIMELESS BASEBALL PHOTO

In July of 1940, my parents gave me a camera for my 15th birthday. It was a Kodak Brownie, one of those square, black box cameras with a fixed lens. It fascinated me and I quickly used up the single roll of film that came with it, firing indiscriminately at the family dog, a tree in the front yard and my father's new Ford. I then unloaded the film, took it to the drugstore for processing and waited. The pictures that came back were disappointing.

My father, a hardworking banker, thought I could use better subject matter. He spent many summer weekend afternoons at our home in Chevy Chase, Md. dozing in a chair on our back porch listening to Arch McDonald, the voice of the feckless Washington Senators, broadcasting road games, and he suggested I bring the camera along the next time we went to a Senators game. Thrilled by the idea, I returned to the drugstore with my savings in hand and purchased another roll of film, a snapshot album, a bottle of white ink and some new pen points with which to write captions under my photographs.



Last winter, some 40 years later, I was cleaning out a desk drawer that had been jammed shut. Therein I came upon that long-forgotten album, which was empty except for the 12 snapshots I took at that one ball game. The photos summoned up the summer of '40 and the sounds and scents of baseball as it was then. One picture showed the vast outfield of Griffith Stadium, with its high wall and manually operated scoreboard in right centerfield. In the next cracked but clear photograph was my father, smiling and resplendent in a summer straw. My father, the man who slept beside the old Crosley radio while McDonald droned on, the man I loved without qualification that summer before the war. How quickly it all came back.

Griffith Stadium was located on the edge of Washington's black ghetto, a jumble of narrow streets, bungalows and back alleys where baseball fans could park their cars for 10¢. Driving from our home some 10 miles out of town, we parked and then walked along a tree-shaded side street to Georgia Avenue, across the trolley tracks and down a long hill to the park.

Virtually everything but the infield dirt at Griffith Stadium was green. The only other touch of color in the place was provided by the pennants of the eight American League teams that flew atop the wall back of the leftfield bleachers. The scoreboard listed only the scores and batteries of these teams. There was no mention of the National League in Clark Griffith's park. Ever.

We entered the stadium and walked up a long ramp to the ground-level seats. We didn't buy tickets; my father got them through some mysterious alchemy "at the bank" where he worked. If we'd bought tickets, we would have paid 25¢ for the bleachers, 75¢ for reserved seats and $1.50 for the lower-level box seats. Scorecards were a dime, hot dogs the same. The stadium held about 30,000, but in the years after Washington won the pennant in 1933, attendance fell off steadily, because the Nats (as we also called the Senators) always finished sixth or seventh. The team could count itself lucky if the crowd exceeded 5,000, even on the days the hated Yankees came to town, led by the Yankee Clipper—the name Arch McDonald pinned on Joe DiMaggio.

Griffith Stadium had charm. If you were lucky enough to get a seat along the third-base line, as we were, you could talk with the coach or even the third baseman. And there wasn't any place at ground level from which you couldn't hear the chatter of the infielders or the encouragement of the catcher.

Those photographs of mine, with their deckle edges and white borders, captured that atmosphere. Looking at the album, I recalled searching for something to photograph. I couldn't get a good shot of Cecil Travis, my personal hero. He was too far away, playing shortstop. I couldn't get a shot of Dutch Leonard and his knuckleball delivery, because his back was to me. Finally I leaned over the top of the visitors' dugout and blindly aimed my Brownie down into the dimness. I had no idea who was sitting on the long bench below. The Philadelphia Athletics were in town, but they were even more lowly than the Nats. Nevertheless, they were major-leaguers, and their mentor and inspiration was the legendary Connie Mack.

When my roll of film was developed, the photo showed Mack, deep in conversation with another man in the dugout. Next to Mack was Charlie Berry, a former player who then coached for the A's, staring out at the field. There is something so old-fashioned and lonely about the scene. I remember thinking at the time it was a silly picture: an old man who had no business managing a baseball team and another old man, both in street clothes, both with scorecards in their hands, both with their attention miles away from the matter at hand. But looking at the picture from a distance of 40 years, I realize how closely it captured a time, an attitude, a way of life. It's the serenity of the scene that touches me now. It has the look of a Depression photograph or some minor league dugout in the Sally League.

Many of today's fans, accustomed to AstroTurf and air-conditioned domes, would find Griffith Stadium decrepit and inadequate. If they did, they'd miss the point. This old park, with its chipped green paint and its thick grassy outfield was baseball, just as Mack and Griffith were plantation owners whose workers were farm boys and mill hands and lovers of the game. Finding this snapshot, with all the memories locked behind its discolored surface, is to relive the past. And that's what baseball is all about. **END**



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FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the week Sept. 20-26

Compiled by JANE E. BACHMAN

BOWLING—TOM BAKER defeated Mike Aulby 225–191 to win the Paris Grand Prix, the first PBA tournament held in Europe

CROQUET—At the sixth annual national championships in New York City, ARCHIE PECK won the singles title with a 21–20 defeat of Richard Pearman and the father-and-son team of ARCHIE and MARK BURCHFIELD were the doubles champions, eliminating Peck and Jack Osborn 21–20

PRO FOOTBALL—Rain, power failures, pregame solidarity handshakes and a 27–19 loss to Green Bay gave Giant fans much to boo about Monday night. On the eve of the first regular-season strike in NFL history, the Packers rallied from a 19–7 third-quarter deficit by scoring 14 points within 3:46. The first of the two TDs came on the longest Packer run in 18 years, an 83-yard end-around by Wide Receiver James Lofton. Midway through the game, the stadium lights failed, causing a 24-minute cessation in the action

GOLF—BOBBY CLAMPETT shot a 14-under-par 266 to win the $250,000 Southern Open in Columbus, Ga. by two strokes over Hale Irwin

PATTY SHEEHAN won a $175,000 LPGA event in Kent, Wash. by firing a 12-under-par 276, one stroke better than JoAnne Carner, who was trying to win her fourth straight tournament

HARNESS RACING—MERGER ($3.40), driven by John Campbell, coasted to a three-length victory over Icarus Lobell to win the race-off of the $328,900 Little Brown Jug, the middle leg of the Triple Crown for 3-year-old pacers. The colt ran the *mile course at the Delaware County (Ohio) Fairgrounds* in 1:56⅗. Before the race-off, TEMUJIN set a half-mile-track world record for pacers with a 1:54⅗ clocking in the third division (*page 88*)

HORSE RACING—REINVESTED ($11.40), Jorge Velasquez up, nosed out El Baba to win the $500,000 Super Derby at Louisiana Downs. The 3-year-old colt covered the 1¼ miles in a track-record 2:01⅗

LUV A LIBRA ($16.20), ridden by Michael Lee, covered the 1 1/16 miles in 1:47⅘ to defeat Blink by a neck in the Florida Stallion Stakes for 2-year-olds at Calder. The $269,000 purse was the largest in the history of Florida racing

MOTOR SPORTS—MICHELE ALBORETO finished 27.292 seconds ahead of the McLaren driven by John Watson to win the Las Vegas Grand Prix, the final Formula 1 race of the 1982 season. Alboreto drove his Tyrrell 011 around the 2.268-mile circuit at an average speed of 100.1 mph. KEKE ROSBERG, in a Williams, finished fifth in the 75-lap race to clinch his first Formula 1 world title

SOCCER—Detroit defeated Oklahoma City 2–0, 4–1 to win the ASL title. The Express lost the opener of the three-game championship series 3–1

TENNIS—IVAN LENDL defeated Kevin Curren 7–6, 7–5, 6–1 to win the $300,000 Forum Classic in Inglewood, Calif.

JOHN McENROE beat Jimmy Connors 6–1, 6–3 to win a $250,000 event in San Francisco

TRACK & FIELD—In Canea, Crete, SOFIA SAKORAFA set the women's world javelin record with a throw of 243' 5", surpassing Tiina Lillak's record of 237' 6" set in July 1982

VOLLEYBALL—China won the women's world title with 15–3, 15–5, 15–9 victories over Peru in Lima. The United States placed third

MILEPOSTS—FIRED: Fort Lauderdale Striker Coach ECKHARD KRAUTZUN, 41, after a two-year record of 43–33

HIRED: As Cincinnati Reds manager for the 1983 season, RUSS NIXON, 47, who through Sunday had a 23–40 record with the Reds since being named interim replacement for the fired John McNamara

ISSUED: By a three-judge panel in Federal Circuit Court in Denver, a stay of the Sept. 15 decision in Oklahoma City by U.S. District Court Judge Juan Burciaga that the NCAA's control of college football telecasts violated antitrust laws. The stay, which remains effective pending the NCAA's appeal of the district court decision, prevents individual colleges from negotiating independent television contracts.

NAMED: As coach of the NASL and MISL Golden Bay Earthquakes, ROGER THOMPSON, 39, who had a 1982 11–21 record as Edmonton coach

PLACED ON PROBATION: For two years by the Southland Conference, the Louisiana Tech football team for cash-incentive-reward infractions totaling $20.00 during the 1980 season. Tech Head Coach Billy Brewer will not be allowed to recruit for one year, and the number of grants-in-aid Tech may award has been cut by three for the 1983-84 season

For one year by the NCAA, the U. of Georgia football team for irregularities in the recruitment of George Smith, now a Texas A&M freshman. Georgia will lose three football scholarships next season

SIGNED: To a three-year contract by the New York Knicks, free-agent Forward ERNIE GRUNFELD, 27. Grunfeld, Milwaukee's first-round pick in 1977, spent two seasons with the Bucks and three seasons with the Kansas City Kings, who chose not to match New York's undisclosed offer

TRADED: By the Indiana Pacers, Center Tom Owens, 33, to the Detroit Pistons for a 1984 second-round draft choice

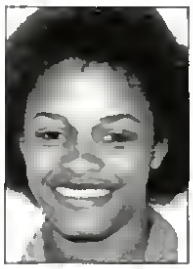
DIED: Former Ohio State Track Coach (1931-65) LARRY N. SNYDER, 86, who served as U.S. Olympic track coach at the 1960 Games, in Columbus, Ohio. At Ohio State Snyder coached such notables as Sprinter-Long Jumper Jesse Owens, winner of four Olympic gold medals in '36, and Hurdler Glenn Davis, who won golds in both '56 and '60

LEE JOANNES, 89, who helped found the Green Bay Football Corp. in 1922, three years after the first Packer team was fielded, in Tucson. The publicly held corporation now runs the NFL club

CREDITS

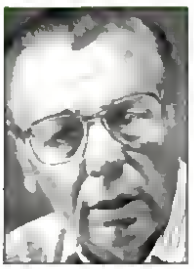
4—Lane Stewart. **11**—Illustration by Sam O. Weissman. **16**—Andy Hayt (left), Richard Mackson. **17**—Richard Mackson (left), Peter Read Miller. **18**—John Iacono (top), Richard Mackson. **19**—John Iacono (top), Richard Mackson. **20**—John Iacono (top left), Richard Mackson, Peter Read Miller (bottom). **21**—James Drake, Andy Hayt (right). **22**—Andy Hayt. **23**—Andy Hayt (top), Gordon K. Monoka. **24**—Jerry Wachter. **28**—Manny Millan (top), Heinz Kluetmeier. **29**—Heinz Kluetmeier. **31**—Jerry Wachter (top), Heinz Kluetmeier. **34**—Paul Bereswill. **35,36**—Stava Goldstein. **38**—Ronald C. Modra. **41**—Kit Houghton. **42**—Kit Houghton (top), Lana Stewart. **44–62**—Lane Stewart. **69–72**—Ronald C. Modra. **78**—Richard Mackson. **85**—ABC TV/Columbia Pictures. **88**—John Iacono. **93**—James Drake (left), John Iacono. **106**—Ronald C. Modra (top), Perry McIntyra Jr. **108**—Perry McIntyra Jr. **111**—Minneapolis Star and Tribune

FACES IN THE CROWD



STEPHANIE ADAMS
FORT SMITH, ARK.

Stephanie, a 1982 graduate of Southside High, paced the Confederettes track and field team to two consecutive state girls' AAAA titles by winning all 23 of the 100-yard and 100-meter races she entered in 1981 and 1982



ED LEMANIAK
ST. PAUL

Lemaniak, 60, a clerk at the Reserve Supply Co. for 31 years, led that firm's slow-pitch softball team to the second round of the Class C state tournament by achieving a 20–3 record as a pitcher and getting 22 hits in 43 at bats for a .511 average



LAURA WALKER
HEWLETT, N.Y.

Walker, a senior at Hofstra University, defeated Sandy Gyorgi of DePauw University 6–4, 6–0 in the finals of the AIAW Division III women's tennis championships in Madison, Wis. It was her 21st victory in a like number of matches in 1982



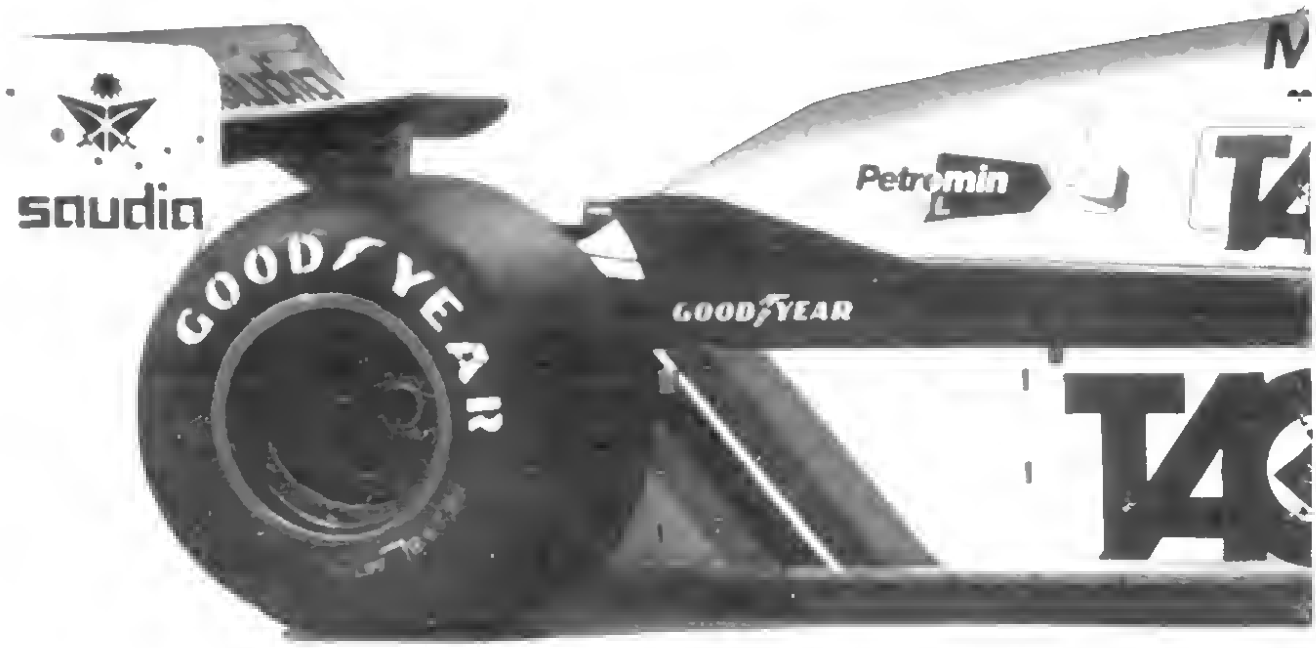




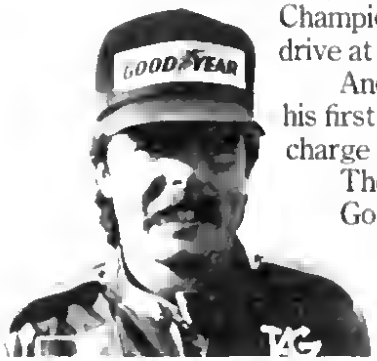
JAY NEAL | **JOHN NEAL** | **JESSE NEAL**
MUNCIE, IND.

All three Neal brothers scored touchdowns in Yorktown High's 50–13 season-opening defeat of Winchester. *High Jay, a 195-pound senior tailback*, scored on runs of 7, 4, 11 and 43 yards and finished with 180 yards rushing for the game. John, a 180-pound senior wide receiver but not Jay's twin, caught a 32-yard TD pass. Jesse, a 140-pound sophomore defensive back, intercepted a third-quarter pass and ran it back 25 yards for a touchdown. In the ensuing four weeks, in victories over Eastbrook (33–0), Alexandria (20–13), Mount Vernon (14–0) and Delta (12–11) highs, Jay, who led Delaware County in rushing last year, ran for 844 yards and 15 TDs, while John had six receptions and another touchdown

GOODYE
ROSBERG: FAST
WORLD CH



CAESARS PALACE GRAND PRIX, Sept. 25. Keke Rosberg clinches the 1982 World Driving Championship with a splendid end-of-season drive at the Caesars Palace Grand Prix.



And rising star Michele Alboreto scores his first Grand Prix win after an all-out charge from start to finish.

Their tires? Goodyear race tires. Goodyear has been the choice of Formula One World Champions for 9 of the past 11 years.

This year, against some of the best tires from France, Italy and

AR AND FRIENDS AND AMPIONS.



England, in races throughout the world, Goodyear is Number One in Formula One — again.

To Keke Rosberg, team manager Frank Williams and the entire Williams Grand Prix team, our congratulations. And thanks for going Goodyear all the way.

GOODYEAR

QUALITY AND INNOVATION

19TH HOLE
THE READERS TAKE OVER

Edited by GAY FLOOD

THE OPEN

Sir:

Curry Kirkpatrick's article (*He Lit Up the Joint*, Sept. 20) on the U.S. Open was the most perceptive and hilarious piece on the sport I've read in years. If the childish antics and adolescent whinings of the top players are deemed entertainment, they are a kind of entertainment that would have to rank somewhere just above swatting mosquitoes. With the proper amount of disrespect, Kirkpatrick summed up my feelings and those of many others toward the circus that professional tennis has been for too long.

KEN SHERMAN
Wichita, Kans.

Sir:

You had the opportunity to put together a meaningful story on two former champions, Jimmy Connors and Chris Evert Lloyd, who turned back the clock on the odds makers and on the young talent, but what you delivered was nothing short of Gonzo-journalistic junk. I am referring to Curry Kirkpatrick's slapstick shellacking of the U.S. Open. What begins as a quasi-serious account of the men's finals quickly degenerates into a denigrating discourse on the sorry state of tennis in the world today. It appeared to me that your reporter was more interested in taking his own overheads at the players than he was in offering insight to the reader. In the future, please just cover the sport.

WAYNE W. SULLIVAN
Montpelier, Vt.

Sir:

It seems blatantly unfair that Chris Evert Lloyd was not pictured along with Jimmy Connors on the cover. She is just as much a champion and received just as much money.

CELESTINE GONZALES
San Antonio

Sir:

That was a fine cover photo of Jimmy Connors. I hope the one that will adorn your Sportsman of the Year issue will be as good.

IRV WEISS
Downsview, Ontario

SINGLE WINGERS

Sir:

I was interested in Rick Telander's article on Denison Football Coach Keith Piper and the single wing (*A Very Singular Way to Play*, Sept. 20). In my four years of high school football—1978-81 at St. Johnsbury (Vt.) Academy—I played quarterback in the T, veer, wishbone and run-and-shoot formations. When I was a junior, Coach Jim Davis installed the single wing, and it helped us to improve our record to 4–5 that season, after consecutive 1–9s. Keep it up, Keith Piper!

NEAL O'BRIEN
St. Johnsbury, Vt.

Sir:

How dare Rick Telander talk about the single wing and not mention the fine teams at Tennessee under General Bob Neyland? Those teams had some very respectable years. At Kentucky, even under Bear Bryant, we always took extra time before the Tennessee game just to prepare for the single wing.

W. BEN JACKSON
Florissant, Mo.

Sir:

The influence of General Neyland kept the single wing in vogue in colleges and high schools long after it otherwise might have faded out of sight. In this light, it's interesting to note that one of the last college teams using the single wing to go undefeated was Sewanee (8–0 in 1963), coached by Shirley Majors, whose son John—an authentic triple threat—tailbacked Tennessee, the last big-time single-wing team, through an undefeated regular season in 1956. Perhaps the last unbeatable single wing was that of Ivy League Princeton (9–0 in 1964 under Dick Colman).

In the oldest variation, the quarterback did put his hands under the center, providing the model for the T. He also often moved his hands aside to allow the snap to go to the tailback. South Pittsburg (Tenn.) High, for one, is still using this shift.

JAMES L. NICHOLSON
Kirksville, Ky.

Sir:

It is inconceivable to me that anyone could write so many words about the single wing without making one reference to Henry R. (Red) Sanders of UCLA. Beginning in 1949, Sanders, running the balanced-line single wing with kids that USC didn't want, took the "other team in town" and turned it into a national power until his death in 1958. In 1954, UCLA was the last major college single-wing team to win or share a national title.

PAUL ASCENZI
Pomona, Calif.

Sir:

I was thrilled to see your article on the single wing, particularly because Denison is a member of our Ohio Athletic Conference. However, I am disappointed that no mention was made of the opponent shown in the sequence of pictures. It's Ohio Northern, which, by the way, won the game 35–27.

A. WALLACE HOOD
Head Football Coach
Ohio Northern University
Ada, Ohio

EAST GREENLAND

Sir:

We are writing to correct a possible wrong impression in the article on our venture along the coast of East Greenland (*Horizontal, Vertical and Boreal*, Aug. 16). You stated that we "stopped at a couple of [native] settlements, tiny, trashy clusters of wooden shacks where a notable proportion of the inhabitants [Inuit] seemed to be on a perpetual drunk." Only one collection of six houses might be described in that way. Visitors to any community are natural prey to drunks; however, our oft-stated conviction is that Inuit are the most refined, intelligent people we've met on any of our expeditions to four continents. An anthropological truism calls Inuit the apex of fisher, whaler and hunter cultures. Any lesser people would not survive the Arctic conditions. The Inuit town of Sermiligaq, which means "beautiful ice fjord," is a Boreal jewel.

CHARLES HOLMES GROESBEEK
JANA SLANE
Silver Plume, Colo.

THE BARBARIANS

Sir:

Those wild Barbarian twins, David and Peter Paul (*Honin' the Barbarians*, June 28), the strongest—and the craziest—bodybuilders around, showed another side of their personalities recently when they traveled to Ventura, Calif. to meet with the inmates of the California Youth Authority institution there.

The Barbarians discussed their own lives with total honesty, although some of the Youth Authority officials looked a little piqued at their off-the-wall comments. Thus, in the question-and-answer period, some of the inmates who were in for drug-related offenses figured they would hear a lot of inside druggie talk when they asked the Barbarians about the use of cocaine. Instead, the Barbarians explained that they don't believe in putting such drugs into their bodies and have no interest in marijuana, much less cocaine. The inmate drug sharpies retired into stunned silence, a good portion of the rest of the audience applauded, and the Youth Authority workers smiled happily.

Can you imagine what the world would be in for if the Barbarians added an artificial high to the natural high they're on now?

JOHN FLYNN
Westwood, Calif.

Letters should include the name, address and home telephone number of the writer and be addressed to The Editor, SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, Time & Life Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020



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